Week ending June 5 1954
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JOHN BULL

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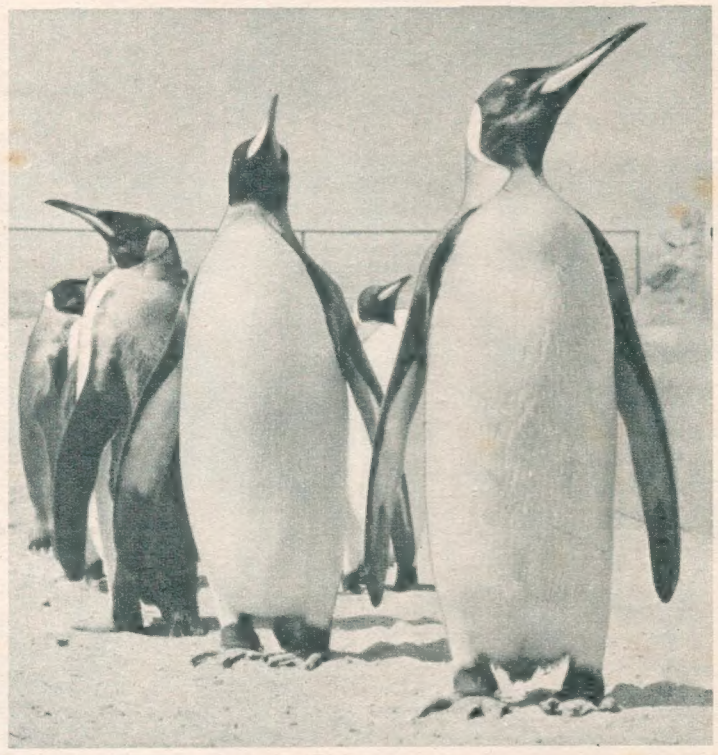

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EDITORIAL

When a child is ill

IF Lawrence Cook, aged two and a half, had lived anywhere other than Rotherham, Yorkshire, his pneumonia would have meant a stay in hospital. There would have been an agonizing parting with his parents followed by constant unhappiness.

Mrs. Cook would have had the frustrated feeling, known by every mother who has had a child in hospital, of being unable to do anything for him.

But in Rotherham there is a Children's Home Nursing Service, and Lawrence did not go to hospital. Instead, a nurse came to him.

THREE times a day Nurse Marjorie Pearson visited the sick child. While she was not there it was his mother who bathed his forehead and prepared his food.

MRS. COOK—AND SON
He was happier at home

In a few days he was getting better. "Like all our other young patients, Lawrence benefited greatly from the fact that he was at home," says Nurse Pearson. "And so did Lawrence's mother."

It was not mainly for humanitarian reasons that the borough started its children's home-nursing scheme. In 1948, when most seriously ill youngsters were still being sent to hospital, 114 died there—more than a quarter from enteritis. It was obvious that cross-infection—the catching of disease in hospital—was the cause.

So next year the experiment of keeping children out of hospital was started. It is so successful that in 1953 deaths were down to forty-one—only one from enteritis.

A FEW children still have to go to hospital for surgery, but Veronica McCarthy, Superintendent Home Nurse, estimates that only a third of her cases would have stayed at home before the scheme.

It helps to solve the shortage of nurses. In hospital, twenty-five children usually have nine nurses. The two Rotherham nurses look after about fourteen children at a time. It saves public money, too, in food and beds.

So it is good for the patient, good for the parents, good for the public. Then why is it not adopted everywhere?

OTHER borough councils are hesitating because hospitals are financed wholly by the Ministry of Health, while home-nursing schemes get only half the subsidy. Even in Rotherham the nurses have to waste time travelling in buses because the council cannot afford cars.

Mr. Iain Macleod, the Minister of Health, must accept the whole cost. Then every local authority could take the scheme up and make as happy as possible half a million child patients a year—and their parents.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

QUALIFICATIONS for modern policewomen include not only courage, common sense and willingness to learn, but, says Scotland Yard, "good looks, a well-groomed appearance and a flair for wearing clothes." After all, their uniforms are made to measure. There are moments, however, when they wish there was much less of them. Gerald Fancett caught one of these occasions at Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey, during a recent heat wave.

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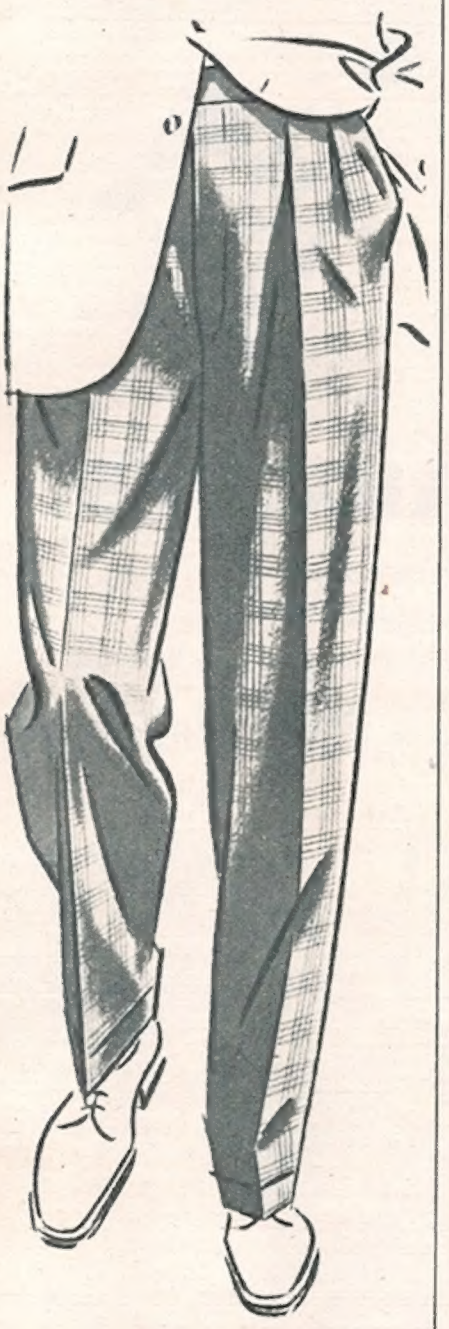

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JUNE 5, 1954 VOL. 95 NUMBER 2501 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

His white lie sliced the cost

AFTER my car had been damaged in a minor smash I went to a garage and asked for an estimate. The owner glanced at the dented wing and said: "Ten pounds."

I looked astonished, and he commented: "Well, it won't cost you anything, will it? The other fellow's insurance company will pay."

I went to another garage, which quoted £12 15s. 6d. I was told: "We all overcharge on these small insurance jobs, because companies rarely send their inspectors to check if the charge is reasonable."

At the third garage I cheated. I said I was paying myself. The estimate was £3 10s., and I asked them to go ahead. They did a first-class job.

Now I understand why motor insurance is so high and why companies sometimes complain that premiums do not meet the cost of repairs.—D. L., Berkshire.

Home From Home

ON holiday in Venice, I glanced at the menu displayed in the window of a restaurant. At the foot of a long list of Italian dishes, I read the words: "English spoken. Fish and chips." I wondered how many tourists, nonplussed by the language and yearning for some plain English food, had prompted that gesture. — J. W. TREADGOLD, Prospect Road, Redditch.

Bobtails

I HAVE two 1954 shillings bearing different shields on the reverse side. One depicts a lion rampant and the other three lions. These appear to be taken from two of the four quarters of the Royal Standard, and I wonder if other shillings show the remaining quarters.—W. R. WARWICK, Rossington, Doncaster.

English shillings (bearing the three lions) and Scottish shillings (with the lion rampant) have been minted since 1937, says the Royal Mint. They are distributed equally throughout the country.

Mercy Mission

AFTER Douglas Bader had crashed in France in 1941 (JOHN BULL, May 15), 18 Squadron, of which I was a member, was detailed to drop a new artificial leg

at St. Omer. My photograph was taken just before the crate containing the leg was loaded into the aircraft.—E. T. W., Nottingham.

Pests And Pestilence

RECENTLY I asked the boys I teach what they had done during their holidays. One boy told me he had earned seventeen shillings by killing grey squirrels. The local pest control authority was offering a shilling a tail, and he had obtained his tails by watching where squirrels kept their young.

On the same day a poster arrived for display at the school relating to the protection of wild birds and their eggs. It is extremely difficult to explain to young children that the killing of some wild creatures is so laudable that a reward is offered, whereas the destruction of others is quite indefensible. I think the offering of blood money should cease and that the destruction of pests should be solely the work of trained adults.—ERIC TONGUE, Wolverley Road, Solihull, Birmingham.

Happy Ending?

AS an Anglo-Indian who came to Britain only five years ago, I should like to express my appreciation of John Masters's story, *Bhowani Junction*. His portrayal of the Anglo-Indian railway community and the dilemma of Anglo-Indians before the British pulled out is particularly superb.

Like Mr. Jones in the story, almost all Anglo-Indians refused to believe that the British would leave. And they consoled themselves by thinking that if that did happen, they would be going "home," too. When India was granted independence, many Anglo-Indians came to Britain and others went to Australia. A few, like Victoria Jones, advised those who stayed to regard India as their home.

From my family, who are still in India, I learn that most Anglo-Indians are happy, serving their country as loyally as they and their forebears served the British for generations. — D. B. THOMPSON, Tedder Road, Halton, Bucks.

BEGINS IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

THE EDGE OF THE SWORD

by CAPTAIN ANTHONY FARRAR-HOCKLEY, D.S.O., M.C.

of the Glorious Glosters

Full details on page 19

Cover Quiz

I HAVE seen many JOHN BULL cover paintings hung in commercial art studios. When last week's issue arrived in our studio we noticed that the cover was unsigned. There followed a long discussion on whose work it was.—NORMAN H. PUGH, Pritchatts Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

Our cover depicting the homecoming of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh was painted by Laurent.

Danger: Work Done

WALKING along a main street recently, I bumped my head on the side curtain rod of a shop blind. It seemed extremely low and dangerous, and I complained to the shopkeeper, who assured me it was the regulation height. I disputed this, but on inspecting the pavement beneath the blind I saw that it had been repaired and raised several inches in the process. — W. G. BANFILL, Rowledge, Farnham, Surrey.

The height of shop blinds from the ground varies according to local regulations, says the Association of Municipal Authorities. In some places the height is seven feet, in others eight.

Height Of Folly

ON a recent visit to London I was surprised to read on a plaque at The Monument that it is "the loftiest isolated stone column in the world." The Monument is 202 feet high, yet Halifax has Wainhouse Tower, which is 51 feet higher. It was built from local stone in 1876 for Mr. J. E. Wainhouse, whose dyeworks stood on the site. A neighbour of Wainhouse's, Sir Henry Edwards, is said to have complained of smoke coming from the dyeworks chimney, as a result of which the tower was built round it.

Wainhouse Tower

Wainhouse died in 1883, since when there have been many owners. The tower—often known as Wainhouse Folly—was bought by public subscription and given to the town in 1918. — W. TARBOTTON, Pannal Street, Great Horton, Bradford.

Telling The Bees

WHEN I was visiting relatives in Cornwall I noticed that many bushes and flowers near their beehives were hung with black crape. I was told that this was a way of informing the bees of a family loss, and that if this were not done ill-luck would befall the household. Many other unusual beliefs convinced me that Cornishmen must be the most superstitious in the country. A tablecloth is never turned once it has been put on the table, it is considered unlucky for an engaged girl to be photographed with her fiancé, and many people believe that flowers placed in a window will keep away evil spirits. — MRS. VIOLET TONKIN, Maldon, Essex.

Pay As You Grow

IN some parts of Malaya an ingenious system has been devised for assessing children's fares on buses. Inside the bus there is a mark three feet from the floor. If a child tops this, a fare must be paid. This simplifies the conductor's job, as he is often dealing with Chinese, who reckon their ages differently from the Indians. A Chinese baby is one year old at birth and takes its birthdays then from the Chinese New Year, a movable feast falling in January or February. Thus, a child born just before the new year would be two years old in a matter of days, and a Chinese child of fourteen might be two years younger than an Indian child of that age.—MRS. L. DUGDALE, Bukit Azah, Johore Baru, Malaya.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech", and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service

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Barnes paused on the jetty and called back to his crew: "I'm off to meet our secretive American. Perhaps I'll find out what we're here for"

CHARTER TO DANGER

by ELIOT REED

THE CARD bore the name of F. Caton Margolies. It was beautifully printed and came from a handsome leather wallet with platinum adornments. The hands that held the wallet had long slender fingers, flexible, smooth as if they had been sandpapered.

Ross Barnes looked up from the card to the visitor.

"Would it be inconvenient," the man was asking, "if I suggested an immediate inspection of the craft?" The accent was American.

"She's not what I'd call shipshape," Barnes said, slowly, "but you can look her over if you like."

Mr. Margolies smiled.

"I might point out," he said, that I am empowered by my principal to conclude arrangements if, in my judgment, everything is satisfactory."

It was a nice smile, just failing to reach the grey-green eyes. Possibly Mr. Margolies could not descend entirely from the rarefied atmosphere in which he moved. To be private secretary to Croesus was to walk with Croesus and see the world from a somewhat elevated point of view.

Ross Barnes said: "Well, let's get on with it, shall we?"

He picked his way through the marine litter of the repair yard and round the head of the slip to the small pier, where a long, compact little vessel lay, her new paint-work gleaming in the morning sunlight.

"Mr. Flavius found the specifications quite satisfactory," Margolies remarked, stepping gingerly.

"Is Mr. Flavius still in London?"

Margolies deprecated with a gesture a question so crudely direct. "Mr. Flavius," he said, "is at the moment travelling incognito. He will remain incognito until his arrival in Cannes next month. Incidentally, if I should decide in favour of your craft, the arrangement is to be regarded as a top secret."

"Why?" Ross halted to look at his visitor.

Mr. Margolies frowned. "For his personal comfort Mr. Flavius wishes to avoid publicity. It is only when he comes to Europe that he can

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON

enjoy the privacy that is the daily privilege of the common man."

"I see. I thought it might have something to do with this merger business. I was reading in one of the papers. . . ."

Mr. Margolies coughed. "I understand you will yourself take charge of your vessel?"

"That's the idea."

"You were, I believe, a naval officer? Perhaps you served in this sort of thing?"

"Not quite. I was in destroyers. This was an H.D.M.L. Motor launch for harbour defence. . . . Mind the paint on the superstructure."

Margolies stepped from the pier to the spotless deck and went forward carefully. He inspected everything; the miniature bridges, the cubbyhole chart-house, the relatively spacious saloon, the sleeping cabins, the bathrooms, the galley, the fuel tanks, the diesels. And he seemed to understand it all. "I congratulate you on an excellent conversion," he said.

"Then you think she will do?"

"Nothing could be better." Mr. Margolies cast a last appraising glance over the boat.

"How many guests will Mr. Flavius be having?"

"That is not yet determined, but you have no need to be anxious, Mr. Barnes. The accommodation is ample for all requirements. Mr. Flavius always avoids ostentation. How soon will you be ready to sail?"

"Within a few days."

"Will it be possible for you to arrive in Cannes on the fifteenth of next month?"

"That's more time than I need."

Mr. Margolies smiled. "We require you to be in Cannes on the fifteenth and not a day earlier. We will compensate you if you think our date means a loss of time to you. What crew will you carry?"

"I'll manage with an engineer and a boy till I get to Cannes."

"Good. You may leave the rest to me. If I should have any instructions for you, I shall address them in care of the American Express at Marseille. During the period of our incognito I shall be known as Benjamin Field. Is there anything else?"

Ross hesitated. "I've certain bills to clear before I sail. The business details. . . ."

MR. MARGOLIES jumped at the cue. "I'll have your agent make out the papers at once, and a deposit will be handed over to you. Do you wish the full amount to be paid in sterling?"

"Half would be better. You could arrange for the rest in francs. I'll need currency for refuelling on the canals."

"You mean you're planning to make the trip by the canals and down the Rhône?"

"Yes."

"No, Mr. Barnes. Decidedly no." The tone now was harshly emphatic. "We would much prefer you to make the passage by sea; through the canals, a craft like yours would be conspicuous. I'll go into the monetary considerations with your agent and make sure that you are not out of pocket. . . . Now you will forgive me if I seem a little abrupt. I am in a hurry to get back to London."

They stepped on to the pier again, walking towards the gates of Judson's yard. "By the way, I don't notice any name. What are you going to call her?"

"Roselle."

"How very nice! After your wife, perhaps?"

"I'm not married," said Ross shortly. He halted at the exit to the roadway. "My father used to win races with a dinghy called Roselle."

Mr. Margolies smiled and held out his hand. "I shall watch for Roselle on the fifteenth of next month. *Bon voyage*, Mr. Barnes."

For an hour or so after the departure of the visitor, Ross was busy being pleased with himself. Luck was with him. His first advertisement in *The Times* had brought him a client. And what a client! One of the wealthiest of all the international tycoons, the fabulous Flavius himself.

"We'll be sailing next week," he told Eleanor, his sister, and Tom Peters, her husband, when he returned to London in the evening.

"You'll have to make up your mind about young Ralph," he warned Eleanor. "If he's not coming, I'll have to find another boy at once. There'll be lots to do before we sail."

From the day the ex-harbour defence craft became the property of Ross Barnes, young Ralph Peters had constantly dreamed of making a trip in her, and now the opportunity was here. He had finished school. He had nothing particular to do until he was called up for service in a month or two, and surely there could be no brighter a preliminary than a voyage with an uncle who had always been the exemplar of the ideal life, the very model of the modern naval officer.

Ralph's hero-worship had passed its peak. The remote idol had become a warm and amiable person whose human qualities had suffered nothing in their maturing. He was still the model, trim and athletic in figure, neat in dress, with frankness in his lean, well-formed face, stubbornness in the cut of his jaw, firmness without hardness in the line of his mouth, decision in his brow, and humour and understanding in his fine grey eyes.

"I don't know that I like it," Eleanor had said. "This craft of yours is so small, Ross, just a cockleshell. I'll be afraid for him all the time."

He had not entirely convinced her, but at last she yielded, and he left, warmed by the slightly incoherent thanks of his nephew. He got on a bus and went to clinch matters with the other member of his crew.

Tiny Kane had no one to consult and he was fond of Ross Barnes. He was also fond of diesel engines—so fond that they sometimes seemed to be the sum of his emotional life. He was a big man, as the name conferred on him by the Home Fleet might indicate. He was a very big man for a small engine-room, but Ross had been determined from the first to fit Tiny in.

The voyage to the Mediterranean began auspiciously. Roselle's engines earned the unqualified approval of Tiny Kane, and by the time they reached Brest, even young Ralph Peters, who, during the first few days, had had some difficulty in acquiring his sea-legs, had succumbed to Roselle's sturdy charms.

The boy got on with Kane like a house on fire. The engineer, for his part, was an exact, even pedantic instructor, though his way of doing things was often exclusively his own. In laundry work, for instance. When you were required to hang out a shirt on the line rigged for drying, you had to observe a precise and particular method. You pegged it by the shoulders, turned each sleeve twice round the line, and then pegged the cuffs.

The effect, when the article became inflated by the wind, appealed to Ralph's sense of humour. He called Ross to inspect it. "Tiny says it's the way they hang out shirts in the navy. Is that true?"

"He's pulling your leg, Ralph," said Ross.

"I'm not," Kane protested solemnly. "Once when we were in Aden, I had a shirt blow clean away, and an Arab showed me the knack of it. The Arabs always twist the sleeves round the line when they hang up those nightshirt things they wear. Later on, there were so many shirts lost, the Admiralty took it up. You'll find it in Orders."

"Under 'Arab's nightshirt,' no doubt?"

Kane shrugged in pretended indignation. Ross retired, grinning.

At Marseille, Ross found a letter of welcome waiting for him at the American Express office. Mr. Margolies had to say that the arrangements were to be altered slightly. Roselle was now required to arrive at Cannes on the sixteenth, not the fifteenth, and she was to be into the port between five and six in the evening.

She ran towards him. "Mr. Barnes, I must have

It seemed that secrecy was more important than ever. Mr. Barnes was to wait on board until eight o'clock in the evening. If no message reached him by that time, he was to go to the Café des Lauriers in the Suquet, where Mr. Margolies would join him and transmit to him an amended plan.

In conclusion, Mr. Margolies wished to impress on him that he must keep the fuel tanks full, as it might be necessary to sail at a moment's notice to pick up a guest at a distant point.

Barnes frowned. It was all rather childish. . . . The letter was typewritten on a plain quarto sheet. There was no address on it and it was signed "Benj. Field." Pushing the letter and torn envelope into a pocket of his jacket, he walked out into the sun and made his way back towards the yacht basin.

CANNES. The sun was down behind the Estérel and the line of that sea-seeking range was drawn hard against the last light in the west. Stepping ashore, Ross looked back at his small ship with pride. She was in elegant company. The Albert-Edouard Jetty was a millionaires' row of gleaming pleasure craft, crowded together beam to beam.

He walked along the jetty. Mr. Margolies was

your help. Come with me quickly!" Ross was confused: the girl was a complete stranger. He saw the man by the wall rushing angrily towards them

not in sight, and no messenger came. He returned to Roselle.

The flush of the afterglow was almost gone and the peaks of the Estérel would soon be lost in the night. Lights spangled the shore line, shining through the trees of the Allées.

Ross looked at his watch, then re-read the letter he had picked up at Marseille. Eight o'clock. The Café des Lauriers in the Suquet. It still wanted some minutes to seven.

He knew the café in the Suquet. He had used it sometimes when francs had been short. He wondered why on earth the elegant Mr. Margolies had selected such a joint.

He waited restlessly but still there was no word from Margolies.

When it was time, he stepped on to the jetty. Pausing to light his pipe, he called back to Ralph and Tiny, "I'm off to meet our secretive American. Perhaps I'll find out what we're here for."

The Café des Lauriers was noticeably different. It had always been a dingy place; now it was dirty. It looked as if it had been badly treated and was sulkily resigned to a dismal end.

Old Berthe was gone from the cash-desk. A ponderous, black-bearded fellow in a dirty singlet stood at the little bar just inside the doorway. A new proprietor? He had an unhappy scowl on his face, and the arrival of a customer did not remove it.

He said, "Monsieur?" in an aggressive sort of way. Ross nodded to him and sat down at one of the tables. A girl came from the kitchen, and Ross ordered coffee and a *fine*.

"Where is Berthe?" he asked the girl.

A shrug. "She has gone. You knew her?"

"I knew her. Does Max Varenine still come here?"

She was puzzled by the name.

"Russian Max," Ross prompted.

Blackbeard, leaning across his zinc bar, intervened. "We are not Communists here."

Ross, remembering the virulent Whiteness of his friend Max, grinned. "I congratulate you."

The street door swung open and a new customer paused at the zinc. Ross looked round quickly. The newcomer was stoop-shouldered, with a wry neck. He called for a drink, then looked down the room as if seeking someone. His glance took in Ross and passed on. He was a handsome young fellow, but rather frail and with a suggestion of effeminacy. There was something peculiar about his eyes as well as his neck. They were large and lustrous, but set deeply in dark-ringed sockets. He drank down his wine, pushed his glass across the zinc, and crossed to the telephone opposite the bar.

There was no box round the telephone, and Ross was able to catch some of the rapid French. A likely horse was running at Mandelieu next day and it seemed that the caller was anxious to place a bet.

Blackbeard brought Ross his *fine*. Ross nodded in the direction of a newspaper lying on one of the tables. "Do you mind passing me that paper?"

Blackbeard hesitated. Then, he shrugged and picked up the paper, a creased and battered copy of the current *Eclaireur*. He dropped it in front of Ross as if it were a challenge to a duel.

The young man at the phone finished his sporting conversation and spoke authoritatively across the zinc to the proprietor.

"Listen, Zizi, I am expecting my friend to call back. I'll have another glass while I'm waiting." He carried his wry neck to a table halfway down the narrow room. A curious disability, Ross thought. Something paralysed. A war-wound perhaps. A scar running down from the left ear was faintly visible. The head was poised in an aquiline way, craning. The man could swivel it to the right, but to look left he had to turn his body.

Ross tried to read the paper. Flavius! The

"Can you identify him, monsieur?" Inspector Guizet asked. Ross nodded. It was Tiny Kane

name leaped up at him from the social notes.

"Monsieur Vincent Flavius is spending the weekend at Juan-les-Pins. His trusted secretary and associate, the discreet but amiable Monsieur Caton Margolies, is returning to Cannes tonight to make arrangements for the further reception there of the distinguished American financier. . . ."

The door swung open. Ross looked up quickly. No Margolies. Instead, a young woman entered. A beautiful young woman. You noticed that at once. You also noticed that this was no social call and that she was desperately upset about something.

She hesitated on the threshold, but only for the fraction of the time it took her to glance down the room. Then she ran forward, with the darting speed of a dancer, towards the man with the wry neck. There was a faint, fresh fragrance in the disturbed air.

The young man rose and he was not pleased. He addressed her in a tone of alarmed protest, but she broke in on him violently. Her voice was low, subdued almost to a whisper, but the urgency was unmistakable. She grasped the man's sleeve and tried to draw him towards the door. The young man pulled his sleeve away from her fingers, and caught hold of her violently.

"Sit down!" he said, and went on inaudibly in an angry mutter.

Ross drank his *fine*. The customers farther down the room were too absorbed in their own boisterous argument to notice others. Ross damned the absent Margolies, and put his drink down.

As he did so, an odd thing happened. He stared straight into the eyes of the girl and she was looking at him as if she knew him. More, as if she were appealing to him. Then, Wry Neck caught her roughly by one shoulder and slewed her round.

The telephone rang and Zizi lumbered across the floor to pick up the receiver.

Already the young man was on his feet. "Wait!" he called to the girl. "Stay where you are!"

Zizi held out the receiver. "For you, monsieur."

As her companion went to the telephone, the girl sprang up, jerking her chair back, and ran across the floor to Ross.

She spoke to him in English. "Mr. Barnes, I must have your help. Come with me, quickly."

Ross stumbled confusedly to his feet.

She was saying: "Please, please! There may still be time."

In the background a sharp voice snapped out a word of agreement and the receiver went smack on to the hook. The man crossed from the telephone to the table in three quick strides. His right arm swung and his open hand caught the girl a vicious blow in the face and sent her towards the door.

"Hey, you . . . !" Ross began, but his left fist was out before his words. The man crashed against a table, recovered, and came back for more.

They wrestled across the floor, overturning chairs, colliding with tables. Then the verbal brawlers from the end of the room intervened. Four arms pulled Ross away and held him, and his opponent wasted no time. He was free. Grasping the girl by one arm, he forced her to the door and out into the street.

Ross broke loose and started for the door. But at the door stood Zizi, hand outstretched.

"A hundred and fifty francs," he said.

Ross fumbled for his wallet, and thrust a five hundred note at him, but precious seconds had been lost. By the time he reached the street it was empty.

Striding down the narrow way towards the port, Ross was very angry. He had had enough

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One of Hancock's most spectacular demolitions—the Crystal Palace tower in 1941. It was wrecked to deprive German bombers of a London landmark

A touch of a button, and Hancock fires a charge. Of his team of experts he says: "Nowhere is there more knowledge of explosives"

John Hancock plays safe with explosives

by JOHN ENNIS

As an expert in blowing things up, he makes sure the bang is the right size for the job, whether it's felling a tower—or killing woodworms under water

STOOPING UNDER the low roof, John Hancock, a mining engineer and explosives expert, was walking along the coal face of a mine in the Midlands when he heard voices round the next corner. At the same time he saw a long yellow cable that came round the corner and led to detonator leads sticking in the coal face beside him.

"I've never moved faster in my life," says Hancock. Believing that there was nobody in the danger area, the men were just about to fire the charge of high explosive when Hancock stumbled round the corner. "The shot-firer nearly collapsed. Shot-firing regulations state that every approach must be guarded. But the road I came along had been overlooked."

As manager of the technical service department of I.C.I.'s Nobel Division in Glasgow, Hancock's job is to advise industry on the safe and efficient use of explosives. He is in charge of six explosives demonstrators and twelve mining engineers, who are ready to undertake any explosives job at a moment's notice—often abroad—in mines, quarries and oilfields. "Nowhere in the world," he says, "is there more knowledge of the use of explosives than in this department."

In his twenty-four years with the department, Hancock has handled jobs needing anything from a few ounces to many tons of explosive. He can gauge the exact type and amount of explosive needed for every job.

"You don't always need a big bang," he says. Recently, in a tin mine at Geevor, Cornwall, he was watched by an old miner as he charged a number of shot holes. The old man looked doubtful as he saw how little explosive Hancock was packing into the hard rock. He was incredulous when he saw that the explosion had brought down exactly the amount of rock Hancock had predicted.

Much of Hancock's work is in quarries, where 100,000 tons of rock are often shattered with one push on the exploder handle. To bring down this amount of rock, the quarrymen drive a tunnel four feet six inches in diameter a distance of fifty feet into the quarry face, then turn right and left to drive a cross-tunnel parallel to the face. Four chambers six feet square are hacked in the sides of this cross-tunnel, and two tons of explosives are packed in each chamber. The tunnels are then "stemmed" with a packing of stone and turf before the charges are detonated.

Hancock prepared his first big blast of this kind at a quarry in Lancashire. He had packed the chambers with explosives and fitted a Cordtex fuse, which has a high explosive core that burns at 22,000 feet a second. He was stemming the tunnel when he smelled burning. He went farther inside, sniffing. "Today, I would just run for it," he says. He could see no smoke, so he hurried to the tunnel mouth. "There, in

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Hero's girl

by ***DUDLEY BARKER***

ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE WINDO

She'd told the world she was engaged to him. Now he was home. What on earth would he say?

JOAN'S MOTHER, who was getting the breakfast, called up the stairs: "There's a gentleman from London to see you, dear." A gentleman from London? At this hour? She hurriedly dabbed on the rest of her cosmetics and ran downstairs.

He was tall, with dark hair, nice suit.

"Miss Joan Halliday?"

"Yes."

"Can I talk to you? I'm from a newspaper—the *Gazette*. It's about William Pitts."

She felt a flutter of dismay. "Nothing's happened to him?"

"A great deal's happened to him. He's practically fought a battle on his own."

"Good lord," she said. "Won't you come in?"

She led him into the living-room. Her mother came, untying her apron. "What's up?"

"It's about Bill. This gentleman's from a newspaper. He says Bill's been very brave."

"Good lord," said Mrs. Halliday, sitting down in the chair by the door.

The reporter smiled. "He was in a jungle patrol which was ambushed by bandits at the head of a little valley. Apparently it was a vital spot because a military convoy was due. That convoy had to get through. Early Tuesday morning, it was."

Early Tuesday morning, she thought, when she was just getting up as usual to go off to the station, yawning, having her cup of tea and looking at the pictures in the papers. And at that time, though she knew nothing of it, Bill was out there, thousands of miles off, fighting desperately against an ambush. . . .

"What happened?" she demanded.

"The officer and the n.c.o.s were killed, and only about six of the men were left. Private Pitts took command, and held the attack off for seven hours. That's what happened!"

"And after the seven hours?" she asked, "was it—was he——?"

"They were driven back. But the convoy had been saved. The survivors of the patrol fought their way back in time to warn it."

"Bill did?"

"Well, no," he said, gently. "He ordered the rest to make their way back, and he stayed to look after the wounded."

SHE stood looking at him for a moment, uncomprehending, then groped behind her for a chair to sit in. "You mean he's dead?"

"Oh, there's absolutely no reason to think that," he assured her. "No reason at all. Of course, we've no news about it—nothing else has come through yet. But I wouldn't assume anything of the kind."

"Young man," asked her mother, "how did you know to come to us?"

"It seems he hasn't got any near relatives, Mrs. Halliday."

"No, he was an orphan."

"But in his kit, back at the base camp, there was a letter from Miss Halliday here. Her name and address were on the back of the envelope."

Her letter, Joan thought confusedly. It was probably the one she wrote from Bournemouth, when she was on holiday. Her poor little letter—she couldn't even remember what she had said in it.

Her mother said slowly: "I see. And what is it exactly that you want from us?"

"We want to know something about Bill. The whole country will want to know." The reporter smiled again. "He's a hero."

"Well, he's a nice-looking young man," said her mother, "about your height, I should say. Dark hair."

"Blue eyes," said Joan.

"You haven't got a photo I could borrow?"

"I've got some snaps," she said, hunting in her bag on the settee. "They're not very good . . . . That's him, on the right there. And this is him in his uniform when he got called up."

"Do you mind if I borrow these?" the reporter asked. "I'll let you have them back."

She was reluctant to let him take them, but he had already slipped them into his pocket. She was dazed, dazed with the news, the early call. Bill Pitts! It seemed incredible.

"Have you known him long, Miss Halliday?"

"Couple of years," said Joan. "Soon after he came to live here. You know everyone in a small place like this. Mummy, something's burning."

"Oh, lord," cried her mother, running for the kitchen. "I forgot the porridge."

THE reporter took out the snaps and glanced at them again. "You and Bill were walking out, weren't you?"

"Well . . ." she admitted.

"I'm sorry to come at you with the news like this. But it's something you can be very proud of."

"Proud?" Her legs had started trembling. Delayed action, she supposed. "Yes, I suppose so. That's not much help if he doesn't come back."

"You mustn't talk like that."

Her mother returned, looking cross. "That porridge is done for. And so's my saucepan. Will you have an egg for your breakfast, Joan?"

"I don't want any breakfast."

"You won't do any good by starving yourself. Now look here, young man, we've told you all we can. My daughter's got to get off to work."

"What do you do?" he asked.

"Secretary. In an office in the City. I go up by train every day."

"Do you have to go this morning?" he asked. "My paper would be proud to have you as its guest for a while. We'll be paying for the use of the photographs, too."

The two women stared at him. Joan began: "Why, I don't want——"

Her mother recovered herself. "We'd better all have some breakfast," she said.

"Better still," the reporter said quickly, "let's dodge the other newspapermen who are bound to be round here soon. You don't want them bothering you. Let's go and have breakfast at an hotel where we can talk without interruption, and you can stay there for a few days."

Bill, bewildered at all the fuss, stepped nervously

"Right away, do you mean?"

"Why not? I've got my car outside. You can easily put a few things in a bag."

Wearily, Joan let her mother decide. She felt dazed and tired, as though she had been on a long journey. She wondered suddenly what Bill was doing at that precise moment. Stumbling along a jungle track, maybe, hands tied, little dark men with high-pitched voices prodding him with bayonets. Or perhaps he was lying under a bush, arms apart, eyes staring, jaw dropped, and the horrible wound in his breast from which his life had drained. . . .

She choked, and in her heart cried out his name. Bill Pitts. Before he went away she had never thought much about him—one of half a dozen boys she larked about with, partners to dances, escorts to cinemas, a kiss now and then.

Now she dimly understood that she had fallen in love with him, when he was perhaps already dead. That made it all extremely sad.

The hotel in which George Burton put them—they now knew the reporter's name—was a small, quiet one just behind Park Lane. They had a bedroom each, and a bathroom, and a sitting-room with a bowl of red roses in it. Mr. Burton had their meals sent up, seeming

from the plane. He stared at Joan in surprise and said, "What are you doing here?" He heard someone shout out: "Aren't you going to give her a kiss?"

anxious they should not go out for a day or two. Her mother grumbled that they might as well be in prison and regretted she had forgotten her sewing.

Joan did nothing much but try to remember what Bill was like. This was difficult. The idea of a young soldier, fighting so magnificently that the whole nation was stirred, kept getting in the way. The evening papers that Mr. Burton brought in were full of his heroism. When they turned on the radio news bulletins, it was the same story.

"Now, tell me about Bill," requested Mr. Burton. "What was he like?"

Joan hesitated. One thing for sure, he was nothing like the gallant Private William Pitts. He was a quiet boy, not a lot to say for himself.

Like most young fellows, he was crazy about engines and machinery. He followed car racing, and his treasured possession was a motor bike he had bought second-hand, which he was always taking to pieces and putting together again. A couple of times he had taken her on the pillion, on a summer Sunday, and they had gone to the coast to swim. After the bathe they lay side by side on the sand.

"You're so pretty," he once said to her. He had put his arm round her and kissed her, and they lay dozing happily in the sun's warmth, her head on his shoulder. On his chest he prolifically grew black hair; showed, he joked, how strong he was. They bathed again in the afternoon, and went rushing back to London on the bike through the purple evening air, stopping on the way for fish and chips.

"Well," said Joan helplessly to Mr. Burton, "he was just ordinary."

Mr. Burton smiled patiently and persisted with his questions.

When at last she went to bed she lay staring at the unfamiliar ceiling. Bill Pitts. She had not realized before how much he meant to her. If only she could have told him, before he went away, how much she loved him; if only she had known then that she did. She longed to write to him, a real letter this time, to tell him of her love.

But she could no longer write to him. She never could again. She was quite sure he was already dead, and all this play-acting a mockery, like dancing on a grave. She wept, and drowsed. Her mother had given her two of her sleeping pills.

In the morning, there it all was in the paper—her photograph, the old snapshots of Bill, and lots of things she was supposed to have said to Mr. Burton. Had she really said all that? She saw with a little tremor of pride and dismay that he had called her Bill's fiancée. He had no right to. But then, what did it matter? Bill would never know.

There was no fresh news about Bill the next day, and the following day her mother was restive, wanting to get home. Joan was indifferent. The sleeping pills had made her feel dopey and lifeless. They went home that evening.

At home it was the same. There was excitement, of course, the first day she returned to the office, but she could not share it. When, in the evenings, some of her girl friends wanted her to go out dancing, she refused. She sat at home, thinking about Bill and all the wonderful things he might have said to her, must have meant to say to her—almost, she persuaded herself, had said to her. Each day, when the papers came, she scanned them eagerly. But there was rarely now even a mention of Private William Pitts.

She grew pale. When her mother worried about how little she was eating, she became irritable.

Ten days later, as she lay in bed listening to

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Easy as pie!

And how they'll love it!

LEMON MERINGUE PIE

Easy as pie? It's easier! Almost any other pie is harder to make than this. Open a tin of Nestlé's Milk, and perfect Lemon Meringue becomes grown up child's-play! This snow-soft, honey-smooth, creamy and nourishing pie has a sharp-sweet lemony filling that is mixed in moments rather than minutes. If they've been a bit slow to realise what a wonderful cook you are, now's your chance to show them!

IT'S AS EASY AS THIS

You'll need:

1 tin of Nestlé's Condensed Milk;
Juice and grated rind of one Lemon;
2 Eggs;
2 level teaspoonfuls of Cream of Tartar;
1 oz. Castor Sugar;
1 Pastry Case baked to 9" in diameter;
Cherries and Angelica to decorate.

Mix together the Nestlé's Milk, lemon juice and grated rind, egg yolks and cream of tartar. Pour this mixture into the baked pastry case. Beat the egg whites stiffly, fold in half sugar, whisk and pile on top of flan, peaking it attractively. Sprinkle with rest of sugar and decorate with cherries and angelica. Bake until set in a cool oven, 200° F. (mark ½). 6 servings.

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Earl St. John—hustling showman of British films

by JACK ATACK

J. Arthur Rank's right-hand man has dictator's powers and an eye for detail. "He's like a happy ringmaster," says one of his producers—"if we perform as he wants"

IN BIRMINGHAM, a large crowd was gathering for the opening of a film. At the entrance to the cinema, a stocky, square-shouldered man, dressed in evening clothes, stopped as a clutter of cigarette butts, wrappings and old newspapers caught his eye. Quickly, he shed his tailcoat, handed it to a commissionaire and ordered an attendant to fetch a broom. Minutes later, he was briskly sweeping in front of the theatre.

A sixty-two year old impresario with blue eyes, iron-grey hair and a rugged jaw, Earl St. John, executive producer for J. Arthur Rank Productions, has an eye for detail and a marked capacity for action.

In charge of making fifteen films a year for the Rank Organization, St. John likes to keep a finger on his products at every stage. Frequently he visits suburban and provincial cinemas to see how his films are being received. After noticing recently that one was losing business to a rival cinema in the West End, St. John walked the full length of the opposition queue telling his wife—in a loud voice—how much he had enjoyed his own picture.

At Pinewood Studios, near Iver, Buckinghamshire, Earl St. John is in charge of the Rank Organization's film policy. His highly paid job gives him power to say what films will be made, how they will be made and who will make them. He works with twelve producer-director teams, twenty-one contract artists, a varying number of guest artists, a story department consisting of an editor, two assistants and three readers, and three contract scriptwriters.

Pinewood Studios' quota of fifteen films a year, for which St. John is responsible and which average £150,000 each, is the largest in Britain today. In his films St. John has fostered such stars as Petula Clark, Kay Kendall, Anthony Steele, Terence Morgan, Dirk Bogarde and John Gregson, and he has helped to promote Jack Hawkins, Glynis Johns and Norman Wisdom. In the last four years he has supervised the making of more than fifty films; among the latest are *The Kidnappers, Genevieve* and *Doctor In The House*. Another, *Trouble In Store*, made £120,000 in London alone.

At Pinewood he begins his day by touring sets and watching rushes of the previous day's shooting. Later, in his office, he checks daily progress reports and budgets and discusses film ideas. Twice a week he attends board meetings and keeps town appointments at his second-floor office in Mayfair, and during the week he may attend three premières in the West End and five film showings in a private Wardour Street cinema.

St. John has earned a reputation for being a driving showman with a gift for succinct expression. Not long ago, one of his producers, George Brown, had held forth for an hour in St. John's office on the character of an eminent Victorian whose life he believed would make a film. St. John heard him out patiently, then fixed him with a stare. "The public like heroes

Betty Hutton (centre) with St. John and his wife at a Paramount party. He startled colleagues before the war with his film-selling stunts

In 1950, St. John conducted Sam Goldwyn and his wife round Pinewood Studios, where he now supervises the production of fifteen films a year, which is the largest filming quota in Britain

with the hair here," he said, patting his chest, "not here," stroking his chin.

On other occasions he prefers to evade criticism—and hard decisions. Asked to dismiss a distributing team, he arranged to meet them with a colleague, but discovered that the team was represented by a woman. "Earl quietly excused himself and slipped out," says his colleague. "I was left to break the news."

Earl St. John learned showmanship when he exploited Paramount films in Britain. His unorthodox methods of selling a picture often amazed his colleagues. To announce a film, he would appear on stage cracking a whip, and dressed in white trousers, hip-length boots and a large cowboy hat.

Turned Royalty From Theatre

In what was his most effective publicity stunt, he turned away the Duke of Windsor, then Prince of Wales, from a half-filled theatre. The incident occurred during the run of the first silent epic, *The Covered Wagon*, at the London Pavilion. The film was doing badly, and St. John took his chance when a Rolls-Royce pulled up before the theatre and the Royal entourage stepped out. He rushed up to the doorman and instructed him to turn the Royal guests away, on the pretext that the cinema was full. Minutes later, he was on the telephone to Fleet Street. "When the news came out," says St. John, "there was a rush to see the film and it packed out for eighteen months."

Today, St. John uses similar tactics in making and selling his films. In one sequence of *Trouble In Store*, Norman Wisdom and a rival window-dresser were to smash a pile of crockery between them. One onlooker complained: "It's too old-hat. The audience will never laugh at that." Another added: "They'll jeer at it." But St. John was adamant. "That joke has made people laugh for fifty years," he said. "It will make them laugh for another fifty. We'll use it."

Every week St. John reads about twenty thumbnail sketches sent to him by his story department, which acts as a clearing house for ideas. He also discusses more than a dozen film ideas with contract and guest producers. At the studios he is regarded as a ruthless perfectionist. Peter Rogers, a producer, says: "He is like a ringmaster who is happy as long as his charges are performing correctly."

Although he holds veto power over all film ideas, St. John prefers to get his way by a process of infiltration. Robert Hamer, the director, says: "His approach is: do what you want, but you know what I want."

On his daily round of the sets, St. John stays in the background but watches production from a distance. He prefers to make any suggestions or criticisms in his office later. To discourage favouritism, he avoids close friendships with artists, and because he believes in personal contact with his producers he seldom dictates letters to them. At premières he suffers from first-night nerves and rarely stays through a film. Normally he takes a taxi back to his flat, where he sits alone until the film is over. At other times he watches from the back of the stalls to see how the audience reacts.

Earl Sheffield St. John was born in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. At the age of seventeen he ran away from the military academy in Mobile, Alabama; his father had hoped that he would later go to West Point and become a professional soldier. "I couldn't stand the routine and, as a Southerner, I objected to getting up at six o'clock in the morning," St. John says.

For two years he served as a page boy to Sarah Bernhardt, who was touring America in a season of French classics. When he was twenty-one, he discovered that he had an uncle in Dallas, Texas, who was in the film business. He became a poster boy for his uncle and later toured Mexico and the Southern States with two biblical films. Because there were no sound tracks or sub-titles, St. John spoke a running commentary through an offstage megaphone.

At the time, a civil war was raging in Mexico. The leader of the rebels, General Pancho Villa, had been impressed by St. John's two films, and agreed that he could film the war—from his point of view. Villa was courteous, and prolonged the war for St. John. "He was also moody," says St. John, "and on a bad day he would threaten to kill me."

His partnership with his uncle came to an end when he fell in love with a beautiful half-Texan, half-Mexican girl pianist who played at the Vera Cruz cinema where he was showing a film. "I kept writing my uncle that the picture was a great success," he says. "A month later I returned to Dallas—broke. When I told my uncle what I had done, he hit me on the jaw and I haven't seen him since."

St. John then joined the Mutual Film Company and handled the first Chaplin pictures. At the beginning of the first World War he joined the American Army and served in France. He aranged to be demobilized at Liverpool and decided to remain in Britain.

While he was manager of Manchester's Gaiety Theatre he engaged in his first British publicity battle. For several months he had been vying with the manager of the cinema across the street. One morning he was surprised to see a large poster in front of the rival cinema: "This Theatre Now Under Direction Of His Grace The Duke Of Manchester." Next day his own cinema front boasted: "This Theatre Now Under Direction Of Earl Sheffield." In small letters was added: "St. John."

Fake Indians Were Unmasked

His showmanship gambles were not always successful, however, and one nearly cost him his job. To popularize a film, he toured Britain with a band of Red Indians and delivered a harangue on their rigorous life in North America. The stunt was a great success, and in Ireland the foreign chiefs were welcomed in Parliament.

"In fact," recalls St. John, "the Indians were recruited from the coloured population of Soho and employed on condition they would talk to no one. When I had to fly back to London on business one night, two of them started a fight in a saloon and their wigs came off. I was exposed and the manager of the theatre cancelled our engagement at once."

Tony Reddin, who managed Paramount cinemas with St. John, says: "In his showmanship days, he would cajole a temperamental artist and bludgeon a fathead. At rehearsals of stage shows he would hit the stalls with a loud thwack if he was dissatisfied. Often he had the orchestra in tears."

St. John was in such a mood when he met his present wife. "I was arguing with the conductor about an arrangement," says Trissie St. John, who was one of the Carlisle Sisters. "Suddenly there was a shout from the circle. Earl stormed downstairs and told us he didn't like the arrangement either way. He added that he didn't like the costumes or the lighting." Later, St. John met her in the Midlands—in a better temper. They were married in 1940.

Some Producers Disliked Him

When Paramount cinemas came under Odeon control in 1938, St. John joined the Rank Organization. In 1950, as the industry was recovering from the film slump, he was appointed executive producer of Pinewood Studios. The choice was not universally popular. "Some producers objected because he was a showman," a colleague says.

In charge of curtailed production, St. John cut salaries by a third and started making pictures on smaller budgets. Where films had cost as much as £450,000, he made them for £300,000 less. One, *The Chiltern Hundreds*, was made for £109,000.

At times, St. John likes to slip quietly from the film world. A film party was in progress on the French Riviera a few years ago, when St. John disappeared. Friends searched the casino, the beach and the hotel—without success. His wife had become worried when she noticed that the orchestra was playing off beat. "The drummer, wearing a large sombrero," she says, "was Earl."

Normally, however, he keeps his work firmly in mind. He was stepping into his car for a holiday when a colleague said, casually: "I hope it's a fine weekend."

St. John—his mind still on the cinema box office—took the cigar from his mouth. "I hope it rains like blazes," he said. THE END

Concluding Paul Brickhill's life story of DOUGLAS BADER

Bader comes home to Thelma and new adventures

His deeds in the war had made his name a legend. Now, in peace, the legless airman seeks new horizons to conquer

COLDITZ WAS THE "bad boys" prison—a grim, towering fortress near Leipzig in which the Germans incarcerated the most unruly of their prisoners of war, the inveterate escapers, the men who just would not knuckle down and behave. If ever a man was doomed to land himself there, it was Douglas Bader.

The indomitable, legless wing commander pilot had been a thorn in the Germans' flesh ever since they had captured him in August, 1941. When he was not actually attempting to escape, he was thinking and planning escape. Any spare time left was devoted to his favourite hobby—tormenting his German captors. "Goon-baiting," the prisoners called it. His last attempt to escape—he had changed identity with a private soldier in an effort to get on a working party near a German aerodrome—was the last straw. Discovered, Bader was given his marching orders to Colditz—the punishment camp.

Now, as he stumped on his artificial legs across the castle drawbridge, accompanied by an armed guard, and heard the heavy doors close behind, a sense of chill pervaded him. Fortress guards led him into the bowels of the castle to a cell-door up some stone steps.

As a guard motioned him into the cell, a voice called, "Douglas! There you are!"

He swung round. Geoffrey Stephenson, an old friend from his Cranwell days, stood grinning by the steps. An incredibly warming sight. He looked much the same—though in an old sweater and army trousers not so dapper—and came bounding up the steps. "Heard you were shot down," said Stephenson. "Been expecting you. Knew you wouldn't behave."

They were shaking hands, grinning and talking. As a German started to separate them, Bader nodded at the cell. "Is this how we live here?"

"Good heavens, no," Stephenson said. "You'll be out with us tomorrow." He was hustled away and Bader, feeling better, walked into the cell and the door clanged behind.

A Tour Of The Castle

In the morning they took him out, photographed, fingerprinted and searched him, and handed him over to the hovering Stephenson, who took him upstairs into a large and quite pleasant room with a big window overlooking the inner courtyard. "Your home," Stephenson announced. "Hope you like it."

In many ways it was the best he had known since becoming a prisoner. He shared it with three army officers, one of whom he already knew, George Young. The four single bunks had shelves over them; there were some wicker chairs and even a dirty brown wallpaper hiding the stone walls. The castle had a good supply of Red Cross food and downstairs one could even get a bath, a thing Bader had not had for more than a year.

But the rest was not so good, as he found when Stephenson took him on a conducted tour. The grim old castle then held eighty British prisoners, two hundred French and more than a hundred Poles, Dutch and Belgians, and the only communal recreation space was the cobbled inner courtyard, forty yards long and twenty-two yards wide. All round it the walls towered seventy feet, so that the cobbles in winter never saw the sun. He looked through a barred window on the castle's outer wall, that was seven

Together again—after a separation of nearly four years. Douglas and Thelma Bader and their golden retriever Shaun pose outside their former home at Ascot, shortly after his release from prison camp

September 15, 1945. Over London, three hundred planes roar in the victory fly-past. The honour of leading them went to Douglas Bader

In a Toronto hospital, Bader encourages a legless Canadian who is learning to walk. His deeds and example have inspired fellow amputees all over the world

feet thick and dropped ninety feet to sheer cliff that dropped another hundred feet to a river. The stories about Colditz being escape-proof looked grimly true.

"Used to be a looney-bin before the war," Stephenson said. "It's quite a few hundred years old. Built by a chap called Augustus the Strong. We don't know much about him except that he was supposed to have 365 illegitimate children."

"Not surprised," Bader said. "Not much else to do here. What's it like for escape?"

"Damn difficult. Everyone's trying like hell but only one or two have ever got out. Tunnels are pretty well useless, and you have to be a gymnast to get over the roofs. Best trick is probably to try to walk out in disguise, but, of course, *your* walk would give you away."

Plenty Of Time To Think

This depressing news was confirmed by Dick Howe, a resolute-looking tank captain, who ran the escape committee. Howe, a brilliant and unselfish escape organizer, pointed out that Colditz was not like an ordinary camp. Every man was an intractable escape fiend and all sorts of schemes were constantly going on, but even the most acrobatic and the fluent German speakers were having no luck. After that, Bader sat back a while to think things out.

Plenty of time for thinking! The days started early with a roll call and a slice of black bread. Then one could sit and look out of a window, or smoke and read, or sit, or walk around the little courtyard like an animal in a zoo. With escape hopes frustrated again, he returned like an addict to his old sport, and the repetitive theme of life at Colditz was punctuated by a sort of trumpet obbligato of Goon-baiting. Bader was not alone in taunting his captors; he was merely worse than the others.

Often, when sufficient sensitive Germans were in the courtyard, prisoners at the windows bellowed an aggravating version of the German national anthem: "*Deutschland, Deutschland,* UNTER *alles.*" The taunting voice of Bader was usually identifiable. He also conducted leaflet raids, writing uncomplimentary messages in German on sheets of toilet paper and loosing them in a favourable wind from the castle's outer windows to float down into the village.

The cheerful but unruly Peter Tunstall had arrived at Colditz, having at this stage half-achieved his eventual record of six German courts-martial and 360 days in solitary confinement. He and Bader made a natural team. Tunstall had recently discovered an ingenious method of splitting a photograph so that a message could be written on the back, the photograph pasted together again and posted back to England. Bader wrote out a message for Tunstall to transfer to a photograph. It started: "Message from Wing Commander Bader," and included all he knew of conditions in Germany, the effects of bombing, the passage of troop trains and so on. The message ended: "The bombing is doing a lot of good. Bomb the bastards to hell."

Tunstall put it in his wallet and a day or two later the Germans sprang a snap search in several rooms. When they tramped into Tunstall's room the wallet was lying loose by his bunk; he ran to grab it, but too conspicuously, and a German said: "Give that to me!" Tunstall flung it out of the window but it fell at the feet of Hauptmann Eggers, the security officer, and Eggers walked off with it.

It was all a little disconcerting, but nothing happened for three weeks, and Bader was beginning to think that nothing was going to happen when Eggers shook him awake at six o'clock one morning, saying: "Get up, Ving Commander. Ve are taking you to Leipzig."

"What the hell for?"

"Orders are orders," Eggers said cryptically.

He was taken in a car with guards on each side, and it would have been good to be out of the grim old fortress but for the edge of uncertainty in him. In a room in Leipzig he faced a lean, severe German officer behind a desk, and Bader sensed at once that this was a moment for wariness. The officer stared at a paper on his desk, then looked up and fixed him with a cold eye. "I have a very serious charge against you, Wing Commander." A pause. "The charge of espionage!"

Another silence.

"We have captured a message you were trying to send home with items of military value." Leaning forward, Bader could just see on the desk the paper he had given Tunstall. The last line was heavily underscored and he remembered his provocative remark about the bombing. "Military information!" the German went on. "Trying to send that message back is espionage and this will have serious consequences for you. You can be shot for it."

With sudden inspiration, Bader turned on a smile that he did not quite feel and said derisively, "Don't talk absolute nonsense. Here I am, a British officer, in your custody, where I've been for a long time, in uniform all the time. . . . How can you possibly charge a captured officer in uniform with espionage?"

The "Spy" Plans An Escape

The German looked momentarily uncertain, then returned to the attack. "Nevertheless, you tried to get information back."

"I *would* try," Bader said. "So would anyone. But it doesn't make me a spy. Here I am. You see me in uniform. You're holding me. How can you possibly charge me as a spy?" They argued about it for some time until the prisoner became too domineering and the German stood up and snapped: "That is enough. You must be ready to go to a war court in Berlin on this matter."

Bader walked out buoyantly enough, but on the way back to Colditz in the car he was not so confident. Halfway back he was stirred by a thought . . . it would be rather neat to escape and miss the whole unpleasant business.

During the next two days he was seen muttering to Geoffrey Stephenson and Peter Storie-Pugh, a young army lieutenant. Then they discussed the scheme with Dick Howe's escape committee. They would crawl out of an attic window on to the steep roof high over the courtyard and away from the searchlights, scramble somehow up on to the ridge and crawl from

there till they could drop into the German part of the castle. Then, skulking through the shadows and climbing over more roofs, they would reach a point where the cable of a lightning conductor stretched to the ground a hundred feet below. After sliding down this they would drop by rope forty feet into the dry bed of the moat, climb over a couple of barbed-wire fences and terraces sown with anti-personnel mines and then make for Switzerland. Would the escape committee be good enough to cough up some German money, forged papers and other details?

"You can't do it," Howe tried to explain tactfully. "Two or three teams have had a go at somewhat similar schemes and damn nearly broken their necks. They were athletes in good training. I'm sorry, but with your legs you just couldn't make it."

"Absolute tripe," Bader snorted. "Of course I could." After a turbulent discussion the committee sensibly suggested that they could not cough up the marks and forged papers (which were in short supply).

A few days later Bader was involved with some Poles trying to find a way out of the fortress through the sewer pipes. One of the Poles, Ravinski, lowered himself through a grating into the sewers and snaked through the slimy pipe looking for an outlet. He was back in an hour, reporting that the pipe got narrower and narrower until he could squeeze no farther. However, there were other pipes and he would try again. Ravinski's surveys of the maze lasted several days, but each new lead either narrowed or ended in concrete dead-ends, and they knew dolefully that they would find no way out through the sewers. After that Bader realized the futility of banging his head against a barred window, and under the bravura his practical sense accepted that he was not likely to escape from Colditz.

Poetry Was A Consolation

Once he had faced it there were compensations. Swinburne was one; an odd escape for a man of action who seemed such an extrovert, but the dormant crannies of reflection were sensitized by adversity. His wife, Thelma, knowing him, had sent volumes of poetry and he read them nearly every day, never tiring of the sardonic Swinburne mocking fate:

For the glass of the years is brittle wherein
we gaze for a span;
A little soul for a little bears up this corpse
which is man.

And if the past called too hurtfully he found another answer from Robert W. Service:

"Have ever you stood where the silences
brood,
And vast the horizons begin,
At the dawn of the day to behold far away
The goal you would strive for and win?
Yet, ah! in the night when you gain to the
height,
With the vast pool of heaven star-spawned,
Afar and agleam, like a valley of dream,
Still mocks you a Land of Beyond."

Till the day he dies he will remember each word of those pages and more.

Other things helped, too. The prisoners' secret radio had told them of Alamein and Stalingrad and every day it was becoming clearer that the days of wondering if the war would ever end were over.

An army officer wrote in a letter home: "I had tea today with Douglas Bader and came away feeling as though I'd been having cocktails."

The thought of the Berlin court-martial still gnawed a little, but there was nothing he could do about that either except put on a brazen face and keep asking Eggers tauntingly: "Well, how's the court-martial going, Eggers?" The Hauptmann kept reassuring him meaningly that he would hear soon enough. Perhaps then the Ving Commander would not be so happy. Privately, Bader agreed.

Then came the day that Eggers, bracing himself to an unwelcome task, told him stiffly that the court-martial had been dropped (because the charge was "frivolous"). Bader, hiding his relief but not his glee, said wickedly: "*Hard* luck, Eggers. Frightfully hard luck!"

Stoolball was another diversion—a rough one; strictly a Colditz game, devised to let off steam. In the cobbled courtyard two teams battled for a football, inhibited only by the flimsiest of rules which forbade actual slaying but approved of temporary throttling—or would have approved had there been such a refinement as a referee. There were no touchlines; one either bounced with dull thuds off the stone walls or was scraped off. Goals were scored by touching a stool with the ball at either end and the goalkeepers sat on the stools, thrusting vigorously with arms and legs till the avalanche of bodies threw them off on to the cobbles.

Showed His Mettle In Goal

Unable to join the mid-field mêlée, Bader was an ardent goalkeeper and many plunging pates recoiled dizzily after contact with his metal legs. Eventually Dick Howe's intelligent but impregnable skull dented his right kneecap. Bader hammered the metal out again, but it kept getting dented, and he had to give up the game.

He was already having other trouble with his legs and the Germans escorted him to a village workshop for running repairs. As he later wrote to Thelma: "The leg crisis has passed. A little man has riveted a plate over that crack in the knee. You might tell the chaps who made the leg that I completely dismantled the knee, the brake and the freewheel and greased and reassembled the lot. It is a very well made job, the freewheel is most ingenious, but I do want another right leg, sweetheart."

But in London the mould of his right thigh had been destroyed by bombing. The firm of J. E. Hanger and Co. (who now supplied his legs) tried all sorts of ingenious methods of making another one, but it just could not be done. They were, however, able to get a spare left leg to him through the Red Cross.

Bader began to suffer from the lack of exercise and outlet. It was partly mental. Even others found it bad enough walking round the sloping, uneven cobbles, but to him it was becoming intolerably irksome and bad for the legs. With the Senior British Officer's approval he asked the Germans if they would let him out for walks on parole, and after havering for a while the Germans, to their credit, sportingly agreed, even to letting him take another British officer for company. They did it probably partly out of kindness, certainly out of respect, and possibly because they thought it would make him a little less disconcerting.

Good News From Normandy

As companion he chose Peter Dollar, a ruddy-faced lieutenant-colonel with whom he had become friends. They went for walks twice a week, and Bader mellowed slightly towards the Germans, refraining in good-humoured moments from murmuring "*Deutschland kaput!*" whenever he passed Eggers.

The invasion was a relaxing influence, too, and when the Allies broke out of the German ring in Normandy even the fervent escape activity at Colditz eased a little (though not much). The end seemed very near then and prisoners endured a little more stoically the dreary repetition of life that ran on and on like a broken record of a Bach fugue.

Occasionally, however, the needle slipped into another groove and eccentric variations enlivened the theme. Most prisoners had the disturbing experience of seeing men among them slowly crack under the mental strain and start acting oddly. At Colditz a good-looking young

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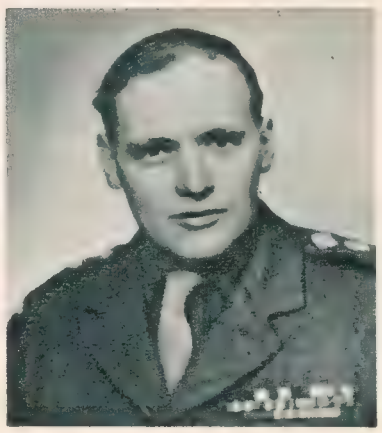
THE EDGE OF THE SWORD

by Captain ANTHONY FARRAR-HOCKLEY
D.S.O., M.C.



IT was April, 1951—and a young regular officer, Captain Anthony Farrar-Hockley, adjutant of the Gloucestershire Regiment, faced four days of fighting such as he had never seen before.

The Glosters guarded the Imjin River among the rolling hills and valleys of Korea, waiting for an enemy that had mysteriously vanished. Then, one night, the Chinese struck.

Working beside his commanding officer, Colonel Carne, Farrar-Hockley saw the coloured markings on his battle map contract as the Glosters were thrust back by the weight of the attack.

Finally, the Glosters were pinned down to a small hill, and cut off. Then came the order to retreat. Leading his men southwards, Farrar-Hockley was forced by a Chinese ambush to give them the most bitter order of his career: "Lay down your arms. . . ."

In "The Edge of the Sword," he gives the first full eye-witness account of that historic last stand, and describes his experiences during twenty-eight months of captivity in Chinese hands.

It is a story of almost incredible gallantry and adventure, for the British captives passed into a grim world, dominated by fanatical guards—an existence of prison camps, Korean jails, forced marches, starvation, and bids for escape.

Captain Farrar-Hockley himself escaped five times, once disguising himself as a Korean peasant, on another occasion impersonating a Russian. And five times he was recaptured.

Farrar-Hockley stored every happening of those days in his memory: his meeting with Derek Kinne, G.C.; the cool, dignified bearing of Colonel Carne, V.C.; his own ordeal in a Korean torture chamber; the prisoners' conga, celebrating the Coronation, that terrified the Chinese commandant.

The Edge of the Sword, a dramatic human narrative of courage and adventure that will be widely acclaimed. . . .

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THE RELUCTANT HUNTRESS

by ***DAVID WALKER***

ILLUSTRATED BY T. S. LA FONTAINE

She saw a formidable battle ahead: Finigan v. Tiger. Knowing Finigan, her sympathy was all with the tiger

Finigan, falling, reached out instinctively and clutched at her waist. Then, with quite a different instinct, he held on

BELOW THEM, the river flowed smooth and clear and quick. Marcus Finigan made moody doodles with a twig. "Tell me, Marcus," she said, "is hunting tigers what you've always done for a living?" Carmen leaned back. She had youth's timeless indolence in-between-times.

"Bless you, no. I was a little soldier once upon a time to start with before you were even thought of, Carmen. And there I was, sipping tea in Poona with my colonel's wife when my colonel came home by mistake and said it was bad for the health to be sipping tea after midnight."

Finigan shuddered, as at a painful memory. "Well, that was my army career. Since then it's been this and that and the next thing, mostly tigers, except for the war when it was Japs, and once I was home to Ireland but I didn't feel easy in a little bit of a country the size of that, so I came back." He sighed, a particularly large-scale man, bulging out of his torn khaki shirt. "Truth to tell, I'm worried, Carmen. This is about the best block in Bengal, and I had it chock crammed full of tigers waiting for your papa, but nary a one of the contrary craters this whole last week. It's downright vexatious, and he's a chap I've taken a fancy to, which makes things worse. Besides, I'm a poor man with a great deep pocket."

"I do wish Father could get a tiger, I mean particularly when he's able to do so little nowadays, and this is the high spot of all our trip for him, and now only tomorrow morning left. Do you think there's still any chance, Marcus?"

"Not much," said Finigan.

Carmen Blakeney stirred beside him. "It's lovely here. So different from what I thought jungles were like, and so real compared with that old cruise-ship. Oh, well."

"Next stop Egypt," Finigan said. "And next stop Athens, and so on back to Texas, where the oilwells blow, and Carmen Blakeney is a biochemist about to be. I never saw such a thing before, but I must say you hardly fit the notion."

"Why?" She laughed, turning full round to look at him.

But Finigan had heard something. It came from across the river, not a sound he expected to hear now, not a sound he would ever fail to hear. It was the small voice of the cheetal, the spotted deer, and it spoke in precise language. "Did you hear that?"

"I wasn't listening," Carmen said shortly.

"There again!" The single, clear note. "It's saying 'Tiger.'" Finigan stared across. The cheetal had spoken from directly opposite, where tall grass and trees formed an oval patch hemmed by river and cliff. It was an interesting place for cheetal to speak, and the one dry

It appeared suddenly before them, with a world-fillin

land exit from that enclave lay downstream.

"I wonder," Finigan mused. "I wonder if we wouldn't just wade across."

"Isn't it in the next shooting-block?"

"It is, but only just, and only because a fluke of Nature put the river where it happens to be; and besides, what's there against us bathing our pretty legs just for the fun of it in limpid water? And besides, I happen to know the other people are having a beat ten miles away this afternoon." He stood up. He was supple, light-footed for his size. He might have been a blue-eyed Pathan from the Khyber.

"You have more blarney to the square inch . . ." she began.

"You really want to get a tiger?"

She nodded, seeing his expression change. It was a volatile but ruthless face.

"Come on then. Time's short."

FINIGAN slung both rifles, gave one deliberate glance along the far bank—no human beings in sight or sound. Then he led the way into the ford. It was knee deep at the middle, warm and pellucid and lively.

His eyes were on the flat oval below cliff and above bank. Once, the river must have flowed that way, making a wider curve; and the monsoon floods would still cover it; now, in January, it was a good ten feet above water-level.

He stopped. "Listen, Carmen!" in his voiceless whisper. "Nearly four o'clock, time for

roar. Blakeney swung up his rifle and took aim. This time there was nothing Finigan could do. Carmen and her father had the tiger to themselves

tigers to be waking up. Can't be sure he's there. If so, he might stay till dark—not likely. Might cross river—possible. Come down this way—possible. There! Hear the cheetal again?"

She shook her head. She was thinking: Poor tigers, with this man after them.

"Can you climb a rope?"

Carmen nodded.

"Got to climb one quietly." The cold eyes said: *Better be quietly*.

He climbed the bank. She followed. He stopped a second, pointed at a track in soft sand, went on, and here they were at the rope—the flying root of a tree, smooth, vertical, a good rope. He looked at her, nodded his head upwards. She climbed.

Sitting in a fork, she watched him swarm up, swing over beside her, moustache against ear, strictly business: "Get comfortable, then sit still. Might show herself at that clearing, otherwise we're out of luck, grass too high. Don't raise rifle till I tell you, then very slowly. Aim low."

She held the rifle across her wet, blue jeans. The clearing lay close below. It was a pleasant green place amid so much brown.

Why show *herself*? A tigress, he must mean. But how did he know; by that vague track?

No leaf moved in the tree, and no living thing moved in the jungle. *I don't believe it's true,* she thought. *I believe this is all a Finigan act.* But she sat still, comfortable for a few minutes till a branch began to bore into her hip. *Keep still!* Marcus was in a much worse place, legs over a limb, no back support, utterly motionless, very much there and not there at all.

Things happened. First a peacock came strutting—the green, the blue, the iridescent changing sheen, eyes of the tail. And then a fuss and a fuddle of small, brown birds—the babblers, the seven sisters. Light, dappled, timorous spotted deer suddenly in the clearing, stood looking back, upstream, raised muzzle to taste air, came on. The cheetal passed. So that part was true, and not dreamed up for gullible tourist.

Finigan murmured something. "Cross my fingers," it might have been.

The clearing was empty again, shadows long, sun on moving water, clearing empty. It was occupied in no time out of nowhere by a tiger which lolled there, licking chops, first one and then the other, lazily, sleepily, like a giant kitten in the evening sun, back legs sprawled out anyhow, tawny gold and black, light and shade. Carmen closed her eyes and opened them, heart thumping. Yes, true. The tiger yawned, then stretched in tautest indolence so that you could feel the baring of every claw, see such grace as you would never expect to see. So lovely, she thought. I could never, never shoot it.

Finigan heard her breathing quicken. She kept still; she was damned good for a girl, as he had known she would be. Never get a better chance. He nudged her very slowly at the waist, soft waist. But the rifle muzzle did not come up. Why not? "Now," he breathed. Still no move.

It was just then that a bright, beautiful, businesslike idea struck Finigan.

The tigress stood. She strolled slowly this way from clearing into tall brown grass, out of sight, tops swaying. Finigan raised his double-barrelled two-forty. He wished Carmen would do it for him; he had killed too many to enjoy killing them, least of all a slender just-grown tigress. And here she was in the open again nearly below. Had to be this moment.

"No!" cried Carmen.

The tigress changed from walk to gallop in the time it takes to wink an eye. Finigan changed from tortoise-movement to a swing round behind on his unsupported perch and a one-chance-in-thousands snap-shot at the very moment the tigress was disappearing again into long grass. The souped-up two-forty had a heavy recoil for a small rifle. He swung back, teetering precariously, grasped for the nearest support. This, by chance, was Carmen.

Finigan was never one for cautious rationalization. Instinct had ruled most of the emergency actions of his mis-spent life. Instinct said: *Save yourself!* and he clutched with his

Continued on page 25

Pirie, the cocksure, goes all out to win

by WILFRED GREATOREX

With ruthless zeal—and an abnormal heart—he sweeps everyone aside to become the greatest runner of the age

IN THE TEAM'S QUARTERS in Helsinki, several British athletes competing in the 1952 Olympic Games were trying to pacify a lean and sinewy middle-distance runner who had been upset by newspaper criticisms. Towards the end of the five thousand metres event the day before, Gordon Pirie had been running fifth behind Chris Chataway—the first three places had gone to foreign runners—when Chataway stumbled. He got to his feet and was limping for the tape when Pirie loped past to beat him into fourth place.

The incident had displeased some onlookers, including some reporters. Now Pirie was threatening to run no more for Britain. Then Geoff Dyson, the team's coach, had an inspiration. "Why don't you see what Chris thinks?"

Pirie went round to Chataway's room and asked the British miler if he considered the action unsportsmanlike. "Not at all," said Chataway. "I didn't mind a bit."

Scorned Hand-in-hand Finish

Douglas Alistair Gordon Pirie, who has been winning more races for the last three years than any other British athlete of comparable status, has never been able to reconcile what he calls "English gentleman stuff" with the needs of competitive world athletics.

"As I see it," he says, "the object is to win. A team will do its best only if everyone does his individual best." Once, Pirie—who believes his mission is to "grind opponents into the ground"—watched a race in which two runners from a famous university were coming in first and second. Before breaking the tape they joined up and finished hand-in-hand. As Pirie tells it, that was just about the ugliest thing it has ever been his misfortune to see.

Of the Olympic incident, he says: "I honestly didn't know that Chris had fallen. He was walking and seemed to be just another man to pass. Even if I had known, I doubt whether my philosophy would have allowed me to let him come in before me."

A brash, sincere and dedicated athlete of twenty-three, Pirie is set on becoming the greatest middle-distance runner of this or any age. "It has become a sort of scientific religion with him to clip the world record times for everything from the mile upwards," says one runner. "He's thrown nearly everything overboard to do it. Most of us think he'll succeed."

Pirie has surprised even his most severe critics, who contend that he is overtaxing himself, by the way he has galloped through the record lists and by the number of championships he has won since 1950, when at nineteen he came first in the junior cross-country championship.

Last year he ran thirty-one races and broke thirty-six records. These wins, Pirie admits, cost him some physical and mental beatings: they also showed that the exhaustion barrier which so preoccupies him is not fixed, but is related to personal condition.

"I was just as exhausted in 1951 as I was last year," he says. "But I'm now lapping myself on 1951 speeds." In 1951, he clipped ten seconds off his mile, a minute off his three miles and two minutes off his six miles. In 1952 he equalled his 1951 mile, took fifteen more seconds off his three miles and a further thirty-seven seconds off his six miles. Last year the respective cuts were eight, ten and twenty-six seconds.

"It's a tough job to do better the faster you get," he says. "Give me time, though. That's all I need." He reckons he will reach his peak in three years. By then he hopes to have tackled the world records held by Emil Zatopek.

"Gordon has made it a matter of personal honour to clean up the great Czech's records," says a friend. "It's become quite an obsession."

Pirie himself has no doubts that he can do it. The way he drives himself is a legend among athletes. He has few nights out, is a non-smoker and teetotaller and is in bed by nine o'clock on most nights. On the track he is equally dedicated. He got second place in a cross-country run after limping through nearly half the course with a torn ligament in his right foot. In the Surrey junior mile event in 1949 he fell heavily, burst a blood vessel in his left foot and grazed his arms and legs—yet finished third.

Made Lung-bursting Sprint

His ruthless self-exertion was seen in a ten thousand metres race in Belgrade against Walter Hesketh and the two Yugoslavs, Mihalic and Stephanovik. Hesketh had recently broken a British record for six miles set up by Pirie. "I just had to win this time. I would have dropped dead rather than lose," Pirie recalls.

Nevertheless, with about a mile to go, he was only just managing to hang on to Mihalic and Hesketh. They lapped the other Yugoslav. Then, with three-and-a-half laps left, Pirie put in a lung-bursting sprint and broke through. Stephanovik, a lap behind, overtook Pirie "and tried to mess me about to let Mihalic through again." But Pirie strode past him again. The heat and his own effort had so sapped Pirie's judgment that he did not know whether he was on the home stretch or not. "All I remember seeing was the concrete edge of the track. That didn't matter. I had won."

A cocksure individualist with a bony figure, George Robey eyebrows and a crewcut, which he adopted as an aid to athletic efficiency, Pirie stands six foot two and weighs nine stone twelve pounds. He is quiet-spoken, but has a pugnacity

With the look of a winner, Pirie breasts the tape in the 1953 "mile of the century." Before the race, he wanted to sign the page reserved for the victor's name in a commemorative book

Like most sportsmen, Pirie obliges the autograph hunters, but he has no time for "English gentleman stuff" in athletics. His aim is victory: "grinding my opponents into the ground"

unusual in an athlete. One prominent runner says: "Gordon is one of the few Englishmen who really has wakened up to the fact that international athletics today is not so much a matey Victor Ludorum club as a blood sport."

In one three thousand metres race on the Continent last year, Pirie was ready to take the lead but found himself bunched. "Two or three strides and I could have been away. These boys knew they were blocking me, but did nothing about it. Finally, I just went straight through them. One went flying."

Pirie allows nothing to interfere with his development as a runner. Training one dark night on the Farthing Downs near his home at Coulsdon, Surrey, he tripped over an ant-hill and tore a tendon in his right foot. Next morning, he telephoned a county council official and asked whether the ant-hills could be cleared. "I was asked who I thought I was," says Pirie. That night he collected a spade from his father's garden and dug out every ant-hill on his path.

Until recently, he often rolled and raked a local track to enable him to do his nightly training runs. At least two sports columnists have had to run alongside Pirie to get brief interviews because he would not break his training routine; he usually excuses himself from the junketings that follow international sports meetings preferring to be in bed by nine.

On the coldest night this year he did his usual work-out wearing a singlet, a football jersey, a sweater, a French woollen track-suit top, a waterproof jacket, track-suit trousers, mittens and woollen socks. "I was soon soaking with sweat." Only fog, his worst enemy, has cut his programme—it was so thick one night last winter that he returned home after only a few minutes' jog-trotting.

He has an easy running style with an economical shrugging action fashionable among Continental athletes. He accelerates with a long, loping stride geared to his breathing, taking in air when his left foot touches the ground. As he breathes out he puffs his cheeks like bellows. "It's easy enough to get air into the lungs," he says. "The trouble is that the heart can't pump it into the muscles fast enough." By normal standards, Pirie's heart is big. It was photographed in repose and again when he had worked a cycling machine to an equivalent of six miles on the track. The results so surprised doctors and trainers at Freiburg University that they said Pirie had the "heart of the century." Its movements are scarcely discernible while he is stationary—and it has plenty of power in reserve.

Trains To Toughen His Heart

Pirie's training schedule is aimed chiefly at increasing the power of his heart. His three-hour daily effort usually begins with an hour's warming-up, followed by seven and a half miles of running in which he covers specified distances in equal times. Shorter distances are done twenty-five times or more. "Before the end," says Pirie, "you don't feel like it at all."

Each session usually involves twenty to twenty-five miles running. He then writes a letter to his German coach, Woldemar Gerschler, to report his times, physical and mental reactions—and even the weather.

He is finicky about injuries. "Most athletes ignore slight damages and only report them when it's almost too late," says Mick Mays, Amateur Athletic Association masseur. "Gordon isn't like that. If the slightest thing goes wrong he comes to me looking as if he's got all the world's troubles on his shoulders." On one occasion he called on Mays to examine a foot injury at eleven o'clock at night.

The youngest of three sons of Alick and Martha Pirie, Gordon was born in Leeds, where he had an early glimpse of athletics through his father, a useful distance runner. At three, Gordon tried lapping the track with his father. But he was ten, he claims, before he really became aware of the sport. At Purley Grammar School, Gordon and his classmates had the option one afternoon of doing normal lessons or going on a cross-country run. The run did not greatly appeal, but the boy chose it—and won. Soon he was winning by habit.

He joined the South London Harriers at thirteen, and two years later was the club youth champion. He set up a school high jump record and in 1947, running for the Air Training Corps, won the national junior mile with a record time of four minutes forty-two seconds—a time that he can do today for every one of six miles.

By 1949, Pirie was in the R.A.F.—determined to keep up his training. An n.c.o. once made him run in heavy service boots. It seemed good for building up endurance—and Pirie included running-in-boots in his training routine. In 1950 he won the southern junior cross-country championship, and in another cross-country event got his first "stitch" since his early schoolboy efforts. New shorts with tight elastic choked his middle—and he came in twentieth.

Pirie was accepted now. He won the Amateur Athletic Association's six-mile with a British record which stood for only a fortnight. In a year he ran eleven one-mile races, winning all but two. Then, last July, he became an international figure by breaking the six-mile world record in a time of 28 minutes 19.4 seconds. (Zatopek later took it from him.)

Café Customers Pull His Leg

On the Monday after his record run he went to lunch as usual at the market-traders' café he uses in Croydon. The centre table was set out with an iced cake, and the proprietor cooked Pirie a special fillet steak.

Normally solemn-faced, Pirie reveals a strong sense of humour among the leg-pulling stall-holders, bus drivers and clerks in the café. Recently a diner started complaining loudly about some obstruction under his table. When everyone was listening, he made a show of looking under the table, then observed: "It's Gordon's legs." Pirie was sitting about twenty feet away.

A hearty eater, Pirie often startles acquaintances with his appetite. He never touches food immediately before a race, but at all other times he seems hungry. Often, in the middle of the night, he wakes up hungry. On a recent Sunday morning he awoke at 4.30, went downstairs and had a meal of bread, honey, peanut butter and milk. To those who watch Pirie's interests, his appetite is encouraging. "He needs all the energy food can give him," says Mick Mays. "He knows he has the energy and it gives him confidence."

In fact, Pirie's confidence can be staggering—"he has an over-riding faith in the inevitability of victory," according to one famous A.A.A. official. Immediately after Pirie had been beaten in a three thousand metres run in France last year by Gaston Reiff, a Belgian, team manager Jack Crump pointed out that Reiff had pulled it off by a tremendous middle lap. Pirie is often criticized as a one-pace runner, and on this occasion Crump said that until he could learn to match Reiff's change of speed in the middle of a race the Belgian would always win. Pirie listened solemnly, then said: "I'll beat him next time." At the White City, London, some weeks later, he did.

Ran Against Mile Champions

His icy confidence did not desert him when he ran last August in a race billed as "the mile of the century." Among the top milers running were Wes Santee, of America, and Chris Chataway. Pirie, who had been concentrating on longer distances, was not given much of a chance against such a field. Before the start of the race an elaborate souvenir book tracing the story of the mile event was circulated to the runners for their signatures, opened at a blank double page. Ronald Bacchus, an official, handed the book to Pirie and indicated where he should sign—on the left-hand page. Pirie wrote his name, and was about to sign a second time on the opposite page when Bacchus explained that it was reserved for the winner's name.

"I may as well sign now," said Pirie. Bacchus found it hard to stop him. Later, however, he accepted Pirie's second signature. The man who is always in a hurry had won "the mile of the century" in 4 minutes 6.8 seconds. THE END

4 GOOD REASONS

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"Okay! Take her off!"

JOHN HANCOCK PLAYS SAFE WITH EXPLOSIVES

Continued from page 11

the quarry, was a steam-driven excavator—puffing clouds of smoke."

His department is called in by industry to tackle unusual jobs, often when gentler methods have failed. Wooden jetties at Swansea were being eaten away by marine borers—the "shipworms" that used to destroy wooden ships.

An engineer from the department experimented by firing small charges of gelatine explosives at fixed distances from the infested jetty piles, hoping to kill the borers without damaging the structure. A diver then brought up small sections of wood to be inspected by biologists.

When the correct charge and distance were discovered, the engineer trained a Swansea man to carry on. Two years later he had killed all the marine borers, and the rot was checked.

Attacked Killer Fish

Fishermen in Ross-shire complained of large numbers of pike and other predatory fish that were killing the salmon and trout in Loch Luichart. Scientists finally traced the breeding ground of the pike and perch to Loch Fhearna, 1,200 feet up in the hills.

Bill Rankin, one of the department's engineers, and Sam Davidson, of Nobel Division's research department, dangled small charges from fifty-five rafts. They were fired with one press of an exploder button. The surface of the loch was thrown to a height of 150 feet, and the coarse fish were killed.

After a Clydeside dock had been extended, Hancock had the job of demolishing a wall of the old dock. A cruiser lay seventeen feet away. When a naval officer worried about his ship's safety, Hancock replied: "I thought cruisers were built to take a battering."

"Just you scratch our paint, that's all," threatened the officer.

The wall—120 feet long, forty feet high, in places fourteen feet thick—was demolished in five weeks. "We didn't scratch the cruiser's paint," says Hancock. "We hung a screen of railway sleepers on a crane between the wall and the ship."

Hancock's staff are often asked by the police to remove explosives from safe keyholes when burglars have been disturbed before they could blow the lock. The safe robber usually presses gelignite into the lock, stems the keyhole opening with soap, then fires the shot with an electric detonator by attaching the detonator wires to a torch battery. One young engineer turned out recently to such a safe. As he pulled out the soap stemming, a wisp of smoke floated out.

But he stayed on, and dug out the explosive with a spatula. Later he gave the soap to an I.C.I. chemist, who discovered the reason for the smoke. Short of soap, the safe-breaker had added some powder he found lying on the floor of the office. The powder was rat poison, containing phosphorus, which had acted on the moisture in the soap, causing it to steam.

When the Queen Mary was about to be launched, the Clyde had to be deepened by removing five feet of winstone from the river bed. Contractors had pounded the river bed with a steam-operated pile-driver. Finally, they were left with a number of four-foot "pimples," and the pile was slipping off them at every blow.

Hancock went down in a diving-bell and blasted the lumps of rock with explosives. "The bell was open at the bottom, and we sat on a form. My ears felt as if they were being pricked by red-hot needles. We stood in an inch of water on the bottom of the Clyde while we drilled a hole and put in the explosive. I was spitting blood. Then I lit the fuse, telephoned to the top, and we were brought up quickly."

In the afternoon, Hancock found unusual difficulty when he was on a routine job of climbing 150 feet up a quarry face. That evening, his doctor told him that he had "a touch of the bends—divers' disease." His blood had become full of nitrogen bubbles from being raised too quickly from the river bed. He was ill for a fortnight.

Hancock, at sixty, is a tall, grey-haired man with a quick, nervous manner. Born in Gloster, Ohio, the son of a British miner, he came to Britain at the age of five.

Career Of Adventure

He has worked with explosives in every continent, often under primitive conditions. One of his engineers, working in Peru, noticed that the Peruvian miners knelt before a shrine and prayed before entering the mine. "When I saw the mine from the inside, I felt like praying myself," says the engineer.

Though a job in his department offers a life of adventure and travel, Hancock received few replies after advertising recently for mining engineers to join his staff. He wrote to James Moss, one of his men who had just arrived in Peru, telling him of the disappointingly small number of applicants.

Moss replied, suggesting that he had not listed, in the advertisement, all the necessary qualifications.

"To be a technical service engineer," wrote Moss, "you must be a good mining engineer, have a university degree, be a practical man, a lecturer, a diplomat, be able to live at the Savoy or with Peruvian Indians, work sixteen thousand feet above sea level or three thousand feet below ground, speak Spanish, sew on buttons, darn socks and ride a horse." THE END

THE RELUCTANT HUNTRESS

Continued from page 21

spare hand. Then instinct said something else. He did what he had been warning himself all week not to do; he embraced this desirable and lively young woman. He kissed her heartily.

Carmen gasped, struggled, came full to meet him, fought, broke away. "How dare you!" she panted, raising an arm in hostile fashion; then dropping it.

"Sorry," said Finigan. "Lost my balance."

But Carmen was looking back. Nothing stirred in the grass behind their peepul tree. She turned again to him. Her face was both indignant and distressed. "So cruel! Oh why did you have to shoot it just like that in cold blood when you must have killed hundreds? Such a lovely thing!"

Finigan swallowed. Women were the very devil. "I didn't. I missed."

"You told me the other day that you never missed."

"Wait here!" He reloaded and slid down the flying root.

I SHOULD have slapped his face, she thought. Well, I didn't. She watched him prowl across hard ground. He could be a strange and charming man in one mood. But there was nothing charming about him now. There was something ten times more deadly about him than about that tigress he might or might not have missed.

He stopped at the grass, listened, went on in, *rustle rustle*, the feathery tops parting, closing behind him. Then his head disappeared altogether.

She waited. Silence. She watched the grass. No movement.

"Yoohoo!" said a voice from right under the tree. "Come down, my reluctant huntress. The coast is clear, and it was a clean miss. I'm the best big-game shot in India although I says it meself who shouldn't, but I can't be perfect always, now can I?"

Carmen climbed down. "You can be very conceited always," she said. "And why do you have to stalk me like a Boy Scout?"

"Because I'm nervous of you," said Finigan, which oddly enough in a sort of way now and then was true. "I'd rather take on a tigress any day. She might maul me but she wouldn't say unkind things. Well, come on home."

They waded the ford, and rattled in his truck along a green forest road back to camp. "I was thinking," Finigan said with care. "I was thinking perhaps it would be a tactful thing for us not to mention seeing that tigress. You see, if I'd got her, it would have been poaching of a trivial nature, and there have been misunderstandings in the past, and I wouldn't like to go to jail now for a miss-shot at my time of life when I've escaped it for so long. Besides, I know you're the kind of girl to keep a little secret, Carmen. I can see it the way your glorious lips are sealed this minute. Oh, what a fool I am and always will be!"

"You may be a fool, but you're certainly an education."

"A bad education is what your dear mother thinks. Well, here we are, nearly home, and no need for her to worry any more did I lose you in the deep dark jungle, or . . . or something."

Carmen laughed.

Finigan stopped at the edge of camp. "Off you hop, Carmen. But no rest for the wicked. I still have to look at some tie-ups over on the east side."

"Can't I come?"

He shook his head. "Have a splash instead in that canvas bath-tub. See you later."

Finigan turned the truck. But he did not take the side track half a mile back, which led to the buffalo tie-ups on the east side. He drove hell for leather at fifty miles an hour along that same green jungle road. The short mauve twilight was nearly here.

* * *

"I'd like to go out in the morning," said Bruce Blakeney, "even if it's only for a last elephant ride." He was a square, tough man, getting heavy; but there was a likeness in vitality and looks between him and his slim daughter. He shifted his right foot on the camp stool. "This damned leg of mine," he grumbled. It was arthritis.

"You swear so often, dear," said Mrs. Blakeney, knitting under a pressure lamp. Dim-lit tents in the background, hiss of the lamp, cool dark night, a long jackal lament, beat of distant village drums in complicated rhythm. Kind, worried, proper Mrs. Blakeney out of place in jungles. She told herself not to, then looked again. Carmen was still watching that Mr. Finigan.

Finigan sprang his surprise: "I saw tracks this evening, where the jungle road crosses that sandy nullah. The very last day, too, it's most vexing, and a small hope."

"No one could have tried harder than you," Blakeney said. "Even if I don't get a tiger, it's been a treat to see you work, Finigan."

"Results is what counts," said Finigan, and changed the subject. "You were saying one day about a kodiak bear you shot. Now, would they be like the grizzly?'

"Much bigger and not so ornery. But they can be mean, too. . . ."

"Bedtime," said Mrs. Blakeney. "Coming, Carmen?"

"I suppose so," Carmen said. They went.

Finigan poured out drinks, and listened about bears. Blakeney was no novice; he had hunted all over North America, and once in Africa.

It was late. A waning moon was up, silhouetting Kali's dark bulk over there at the fringe of camp. The elephant was restive, tugging at her ankle-chain.

"I've been thinking," Blakeney said with diffidence. "These camp expenses must have set you back plenty, Finigan, and it's been a privilege meeting you, so I'd like to increase the basic payment, tiger or not."

"That's real good of you," said Finigan, "but I wouldn't hear of it. My expenses are covered as it is, and I make a packet if I get you a tiger. There's still hope yet." *Cross my fingers,* he added privately.

KALI stood in the nullah. Her big ears moved, her trunk arched up to sniff, dropped again. But she was quiet. So was the mahout quiet astride her neck, and Carmen's father forward on the pad, and Carmen behind him. And the jungle was quiet.

They waited at start of day while the light hardened, and some shadows faded, and the sun made others. Buddhoo, the old shikari, squatted on his heels at the next bend.

Finigan rested a hand on Kali's trunk. He looked up, ebony-headed, mahogany-skinned, pale of eye. Whisper without resonance: "There was a tiger just now at that water-hole. Remember it?" Blakeney nodded. "Didn't see me. May still be there. It'll be one quick chance, if any."

Finigan told the mahout, added: "Chup! Be silent!" Then Kali lumbered off. Pad ropes creaked faintly to her rolling gait, otherwise no sound between the high nullah walls. Finigan walked beside Kali's head, rifle in his left hand.

The nullah curved sharp left, sharp right in an S-bend, widened at the waterhole beyond. Finigan raised his hand. They stopped below high bank. Moment came. He looked at her father, pointed a forefinger to the corner, then darted it at right angles, quite explicit sign-language. *Shoot from there!* He nodded to the mahout, who jabbed lightly once with the metal ankus. Kali moved.

It lay in a pose similar to that tigress yesterday, but broadside, in the very act of licking chops.

Blakeney's big four-fifty crashed, and the tiger toppled. It was as easy as that. The whole quick thing seemed so tame and so unfair.

But all was not so tame. From scrub just beyond the dead tiger, something emerged. It emerged with a world-filling roar and at a gallop. It was far bigger than that other, far burlier, far thicker in the face and neck, far more powerful. The tiger charged straight and terrible at Kali. She squealed but

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was stock-still as Blakeney fired his second barrel. The tiger stumbled, recovered, slewed to its left, crashed up into cover, roar, crash, snarl, silence.

"Hmmm," said Mr. Blakeney; commendable or shocked understatement.

"Well, I'll be something well somethinged," cursed Finigan down on the left. "Must of bin its mate." He drew a deep breath, exhaled, and rapped words at Buddhoo, who scrambled up a tree like an elderly monkey.

"I couldn't shoot," Finigan said. "You did well. Tigress dead. Where did you hit the tiger?"

"Left shoulder, I think. It stumbled that way. But wide of the heart, I guess."

A growl came from over on the right, no cough. "Wide is correct. Missed the lungs, too. You did well," Finigan said again. "But we're in a pretty pickle, not half-begun yet." He went to look at blood marks, came back. He spoke to Kali. She made a foothold in the end of her trunk and swung him up. It was a neat trick. He stood, one hand on Carmen's shoulder, gave it a fatherly, or absent-minded or some kind of squeeze while he considered the tiger's whereabouts.

"That was dandy about the tigress," muttered Bruce Blakeney, wiping his brow. "But the big fellow; oh boy!"

Finigan ignored him. He had sized things up. He did not like them. "We'll go back," he said.

"Can I take a look at the tigress?"

"No."

"It's an awkward kind of place," Finigan said later. "I'll tell you why. First, the nullah divides above there, above the waterhole, and the two channels join again down where you fired. So the tiger's on a kind of dry island. But it's not always dry. In the rains, every damned washed-out tree and flotsam whatnot strands on that island—result, a hellish tangle. Next, the grass is ten foot high in places. Next, there are too many low boughs waiting to pull Absalom from Kali's back. Next, that tiger's in a dirty frame of mind, and however much he stiffens, I'll bet there's going to be some ginger in him."

"How soon can we go?"

"In half an hour." Finigan paused. Which was the most tactful way? "Those were two fine shots of yours," he said carefully. "Two bullets, two tigers. But this will be a different kind of shooting, and with you slow because of that leg, I'm afraid you'd be a handicap. Speaking plain, I must do this job alone."

BLAKENEY'S red face darkened to apoplectic hue. "I follow up my own tiger." Statement.

Finigan tried to persuade him. Hopeless. It was Blakeney's right, and he knew that as well as Finigan knew it.

"We'll put Carmen up a tree," he said.

He waited for that tense half-hour, which was an old, old story to him, and did not raise his pulse one beat, nor flutter his stomach.

Kali lurched steeply on to forelegs, then hindquarters rose. They went up the nullah. The mahout stopped her against the tree.

"You pop up beside Buddhoo," said Finigan. "You're a lovely climber, Carmen."

"But I'm coming with you."

"Sorry, m'love," he said, gentle as a lamb. "It would be an unnecessary risk for you and us, and what I says in this case goes."

"I *am* coming." She stared at him, feminine version of her angry father not long ago. "I am."

"When I say get up that tree I mean get up that tree, get up it."

She glared back. Her mouth opened. Finally she spat at him: "Okay, you big gorilla."

"The tiger lies yonder by the sal tree," said old Buddhoo from above this altercation. "He is angry."

They moved away. "Not only the tiger," Finigan remarked. He sat on the right of the pad, Blakeney on the left. They came on to the island. It could be Blakeney's prerogative to do the job, but Finigan knew who was going to finish off this tiger in this place. He didn't like it. He didn't like it one little bit.

Kali stopped at a prone tree trunk. She trembled. Mahout gave her the ankus. She crossed ponderously, yet lightly, carefully, and now in long grass nearly at eye level: a hellish place all right. . . . Stop. Wait.

A noise—lick . . . lick . . . lick at wound. Then the tiger snarled, and from below that rustling sal tree. The tiger was consumed by pain and hate. It snarled again. *I hate!* it snarled.

"Heard us," breathed Finigan; one quick glance at Blakeney's face.

Between them and the sal tree was a jumble of monsoon wreckage. No way round left. Right was possible, but that exposed Blakeney's side. . . .

Touch mahout, point back right, go round and come again from there, aiming left of tiger. Okay if it didn't move, hope and pray it wouldn't move. He saw Carmen on her perch, the gold, the velvet and the fire . . . near-forty Finigan feeling poetical.

Then went swiftly, then stopped, lined up. Dead silence, not even morning breeze on sal leaves. Had it moved? Not likely. Sore tigers didn't often stalk. They waited. They charged.

"Ho!" called Finigan. "Ho!" again. Nothing. Could be dead.

He gave line to mahout—left of tree: Finigan's shot. They were thirty yards off. They moved. Now it couldn't be twenty yards to place tiger lay. Bend down flat and scrape under a low bough, not this moment, please——

KALI squealed, lurching right as the tiger roared and charged not from the sal tree but from a different direction, from left rear, Blakeney's side.

Finigan went fast as a squeezed glob of mercury down Kali's flank, turning as he dropped, didn't stumble, dived in through between her heaving, stamping great feet, and the tiger's forequarters were just rising in the final leap, one leg dangling, the other decidedly not, claws bared to . . . Finigan shot it at thirty-eight hundred feet a second in the pale underbelly.

After that there was some little confusion while Blakeney fired, and Kali did her dangerous and valiant best to knead a dead tiger into pulp. Finigan extricated himself, unscathed, in a black rage.

But Blakeney spiked his guns. "That was the finest thing I ever saw a man do," he said heavily, with a white face. "Thank you, sir, and I am sorry."

Handsome music and apology. "It's what I'm paid for," grunted Finigan.

Bruce Blakeney and his tiger departed on Kali, escorted by the ancient Buddhoo.

Finigan backed up the truck and toppled the tigress in. "Poor thing," he said. "A young one always seems a pity to kill, and her admirer, too. You know, Carmen, dear, I was thinking this morning when you were so cross at me, I was thinking I have a great and fatal weakness for the fiery females."

"A slaying weakness, could it be?"

He laughed. He liked nimble wits to match his own. And the wits and the looks and the strong youth were a combination. Ah, well. "Anyway, your dad's happy. Don't say I didn't give him his money's worth."

"No, I wouldn't say that." Carmen shivered, thinking of the scene she had watched from her tree-top, wondering that this extraordinary man seemed, half an hour later, to have forgotten all about it.

They rattled down the nullah, turned up to the green jungle road, and they were nearly home, nearly at camp, nearly at parting. "Thank you for being so sweet," she said.

The great Finigan was actually embarrassed. "Sweet!" he mumbled. "Nobody in all my life ever called me sweet before."

"Yes," she said, looking round. "Very sweet and very brave and not quite so clever as you think. Could you stop a minute, Marcus?"

FINIGAN stopped with alacrity. It was what he had been thinking about, but he was on his home ground and his best behaviour, oppressed by good resolutions yet very willing to break them.

She eluded his hand and climbed nimbly over into the back of the truck. Finigan watched her. He said nothing.

She came back, and sat beside him. "Just checking up."

"On what?"

"On the jungle impresario."

"Come on," he said. "You're cherishing secrets in your lovely bosom."

"I wondered," Carmen said thoughtfully. "I wondered first why you made a pass at me up the tree yesterday. Diversionary tactics."

"No," Finigan said. He captured the girl with a powerful and expert arm. "Just that old, old weakness I was telling you about."

"Stop! And then I wondered why you were so cock-a-hoop after missing. But I didn't think anything of it. And then I wondered this morning why the tigress looked so much the same and lay so still. And now I just wonder why there are two bullet holes when my father only fired once."

"You wonder too much altogether. But as a lady bio-chemist with a wondering mind, you must admit I did a clever job arranging that tigress. The awkward development was the big boy. He must have followed last night and stayed with her and never touched her. You might say the means were a little bit shady, but the end justified them. Just look at your dad, as blissful as a bear with honey."

"He won't be so blissful when I tell him."

"You wouldn't let down your pal," said Finigan. "I'm a no-good bum, but I know a real woman when I see one."

"You're an awful man."

People came and went in Finigan's life, and he forgot the worldly women, who had been many. But comely, vital innocence was rare, and less easy for a sinner to forget.

"Send the big gorilla a postcard from the Pyramids," he said cheerfully enough, and drove on through his familiar jungle. Finigan knew where he belonged. THE END

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.

WORRIED by the rising cost of living, old Mrs. Hubbard decided to sell the four-bedroom house which her late husband had left her. Apart from a tiny income from an assurance company, the house was all she had in the world: but she lived there all alone, and found it far too big.

Out of the proceeds, she decided, she could buy a smaller property. Besides cutting expenses, this would give her a useful sum in the bank.

Mrs. Hubbard consulted X and Co., solicitors, and saw Mr. Slick —"managing clerk" to the firm. He advised her to bring the house deeds to him, and told her that he had a client who would buy her house. "You'll easily find another place," he added.

The old lady was so impressed by the price Slick assured her he could get for the house that within a week or two she signed the documents he put before her. Then she went to stay with her niece until she found somewhere else to live. On Slick's advice, she left the proceeds of the sale with the solicitors for the time being.

After some weeks without news, Mrs. Hubbard phoned the solicitors. Slick had left the firm, and Mrs. Hubbard eventually found that she had unwittingly signed a conveyance of her house to him. In fact, there was no purchaser; Slick had sold the house, and she was virtually destitute.

When Mrs. Hubbard sued the partners of the firm, Mr. X and his son, for the value of the house, they strenuously denied all liability.

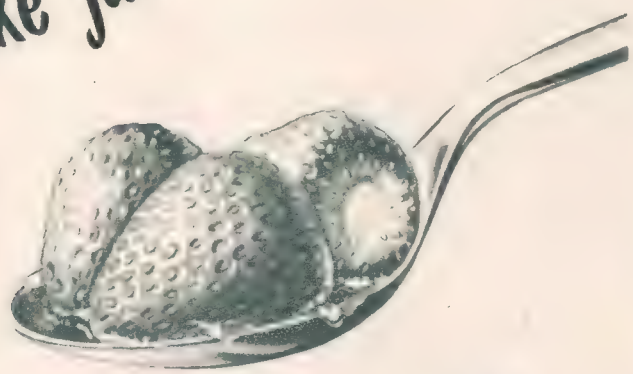
"Slick was placed in a responsible position by these men," argued Mrs. Hubbard's counsel, "and he was allowed to act as though he had authority in the firm. He committed this wrong in the course of his duties, and therefore his employers must bear the loss, although they were innocent of the fraud."

Mr. X repeated that he and his son could not be liable. "Slick was acting outside the scope of his duties," he argued. "He was a scoundrel, but that is not our fault. If he did something without our knowledge—which we would most certainly have forbidden if we had known of it—why should we be held responsible?"

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, turn to page 29

soothe and refresh

You like jam that's full



of whole strawberries

MAKING THE MOST OF Salads

Vinegar can make your salads so much more appetizing—but do make sure you use the very best! The best, of course, is Sarson's Virgin Malt Vinegar. It keeps better, lasts longer, and stays bright and usable, retaining it's fine flavour.

Two tips for tastier salads: you can keep lettuce crisp by sprinkling with a mixture of equal parts water and Sarson's Virgin Malt Vinegar: slice your beetroot, sprinkle with a little sugar, cover with Sarson's Malt Vinegar—it's delicious! Ask for Sarson's when *you* next buy vinegar — that's your guarantee it's the best!

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HERO'S GIRL

Continued from page 13

her mother getting the breakfast, there was a ring at the door. Joan heard her mother answer it, murmur in conversation, and then call excitedly up the stairs:

"Joan. Come down quick. Mr. Burton's here."

She leapt from bed, pulling a wrap round her, and ran down.

Mr. Burton opened his arms to her and cried: "He's free! Bill. He escaped. We had the news a couple of hours ago."

"When? How? Is he all right?"

"Slight wound in the arm, that's all. Absolutely nothing. What a man! They caught him all right, but a day later he dodged into the jungle and ran for it, got away. And all this time he's been tramping back to headquarters, without food or water or anything. It's an epic."

Joan could not find a word to say.

"They're flying him home," he told her. "You should see him within a week."

Joan fainted.

ON the day Bill was to arrive, Mr. Burton took Joan to the airport. Ever since the news of Bill's escape, she had been the leading lady of the nation's daily news story. And now, here at the airport, there was a tumult of photographers and reporters, newsreel men and a television camera. Joan stood in the middle, scarcely seeing any of it. One question throbbed in her temples: what would Bill say?

The aeroplane at last arrived, airport men put some steps against it, and the passengers appeared at the door.

And then she saw Bill, one arm in a sling, stepping quietly from the aeroplane, and startled out of his wits when the circus surged towards him. Joan, impelled by Mr. Burton, came out at last in front, hat knocked a little crooked.

"Bill," she cried.

Bill stared at her in surprise.

"Hallo, Joan," he said. "What are you doing here?"

"Aren't you going to give her a kiss?" yelled one of the photographers.

He looked around, ill at ease, wondering if this were some sort of joke.

Joan, in desperation, flung herself on him. "Oh, Bill," she sobbed, clinging to him. "Oh, Bill."

The cameramen, flashing away, cheered. A man came up with a microphone into which Bill was persuaded to mumble that it was good to be back, and then, at last, Mr. Burton got them into his car, chattering excited questions at Bill as they drove to her home. Just before they arrived, he asked when the great day was to be.

"What day?" asked Bill.

"Why, the wedding."

Luckily, at that moment they arrived at the avenue. Bill was shocked into silence by the waiting scene. They had the flags out, and the people out, and a big streamer slung from one tree to another, hand-painted "Welcome Home, Bill," and a long trestle table spread for supper.

All the people rushed up, cheering, to thump Bill on the back and shake him by the hand. He was led, deeply blushing, to the head of the table.

The evening deepened into cool purple, and the street lights at the edge of the grass came on yellow. Joan, in her seat beside Bill, thought she had never seen so beautiful a picture—so happy, so friendly. She loved him so much, with everyone gazing proudly towards him, that she began to cry.

Afterwards people started to dance out there in the open. Bill looked at Joan. She nodded. Several of the people clapped when they got up to dance.

"Good to be back?" she asked, looking up at him.

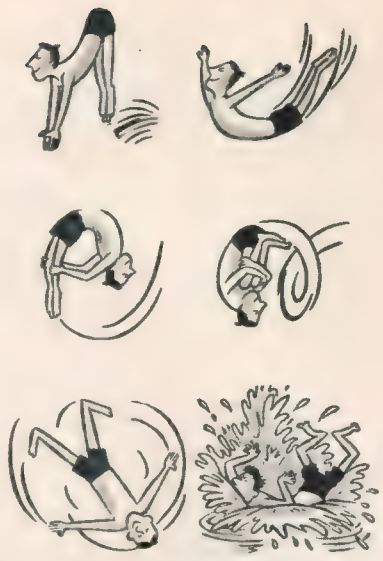
He grinned. "What do you think?"

She sighed, and clung to him.

Next day it was the newspapers that did it. Bill came to her house with a *Gazette*. He spread it out on the living-room table, with all the pictures and the story of his homecoming.

"Why does it say here," he asked, "that we're going to get married?"

"I never told them anything like



that, Bill. Honestly, I didn't. You know what papers are."

"You must have told them something."

She stared miserably at him. "It was because you had one of my letters, and they thought. . . . And when I saw it in the paper I thought you were dead, and it didn't seem to matter, so I didn't say anything."

"Well, it's a bit of a facer. Makes us look silly, doesn't it?"

"Perhaps they'll forget about it," she tried.

He paused and thought. "It's a problem, isn't it? I mean, I've never—we've never——"

"No, it isn't," she said, beginning to get cross. "They made a mistake in the papers, that's all. You've got a nerve, Bill Pitts. You take things a bit for granted, don't you?"

"Now, steady on," he protested, "I didn't do it, did I?"

"You come back here, full of your own importance, and expect any girl to fall for you."

"No, I do not. I've told you, I never even——"

"Marry you?" she declared. "What makes you think I'd marry you if you'd cleared the whole jungle on your own?"

"Who says I expect you to?"

THEY stood staring angrily at each other. At that moment Mr. Burton's head came round the door.

"Hallo," he said, "am I interrupting anything?"

"Nothing that matters," she replied, sniffing.

"Is this the chap that did it?" asked Bill.

"Did what?" inquired Mr. Burton.

"Put all that stuff in the papers about Joan and me getting married?"

"Why, yes," said Mr. Burton. "That's what she said."

"I did not," cried Joan, swinging on him. "I said nothing of the sort. When did I say it?"

"Well, I can't remember exactly. But you never denied it."

"It didn't seem worth it," said Joan miserably, "I thought Bill was dead, and——"

"Aren't you going to get married?" asked Mr. Burton.

"Seems not," said Bill.

"You're not in love with her, then?"

"Of course I'm in love with her," shouted Bill. "Been in love with her for years. When I was out there, I thought of nothing else."

"Then what's the trouble?"

"Trouble? She doesn't want to marry me, of course."

"Have you asked her?"

"What do you mean, have I asked her?"

"Just that," said Mr. Burton. "Have you asked? 'Joan, I love you, will you be mine?'—that sort of thing."

Bill turned slowly towards her.

Burton, grinning, backed from the room. "When you've fixed the date, you might let me know. I'd like to put it in the paper." THE END

CHARTER TO DANGER

Continued from page 10

of these shennanigans. If Margolies wanted to play games, he could look for another stooge.

Behind him on the hill, the clock in the square tower of Notre Dame d'Espérance told him that it was nine. He must have waited an hour! He realized suddenly that he was very hungry. He would go back to the Roselle.

On his way back, he pondered over the extraordinary scene with the girl in the café. Could this be some part of Margolies's doing? The girl had known his name. It was plain that Wry-Neck had been watching him. The telephone calls. . . .

He was passing a restaurant that he had known well in the old days. The delicious food aroma brought him to a standstill. He had earned himself something better than Tiny's cooking. He was on the point of turning and entering the restaurant when he thought again of Margolies. The man would not know where to find him. Then, in one gust of irritation that took in all the evening's frustration, he said aloud, "To hell with Margolies," and marched firmly inside.

He was disappointed to find that the restaurant, too, was under new management. He could see no one he knew, but he was too hungry to care.

WHEN the first pangs were eased, he took everything in a leisurely way. This, in spite of the change, was Cannes, and he liked it. He no longer felt any rancour. He could contemplate Margolies with amusement. As his feeling of amiability increased, he looked back on the adventure of the Café des Lauriers, too, with amusement. What a fantastic business! A lovely lady all forlorn. . . . Lovely in the best sense; not too glamorous and quite a bit dishevelled.

He topped off an excellent meal with an armagnac and a cigar. He felt fine, and, smoking the cigar, left the restaurant.

It was a lovely night, but dark, with a light wind blowing from the Estérel. There was no moon and the stars shone only mistily through a thin overcast. He hurried, feeling a little guilty. If Margolies had really gone to the jetty, he had been kept waiting long enough.

There were lights in the yachts that made up the long, close row along the pier. Radios were going in some of them, and in one it seemed that a party was in progress.

Ross hummed a tune that he heard as he passed. Twenty yards farther along he stopped humming and stood rigid on the paved edge of the jetty, staring at a dark slot of water between two of the larger cabin cruisers.

Roselle was gone.

* * *

It was near eleven, he told the police, when he made the discovery. No one had been able to give him specific information. All he had learned was that engine sounds had been heard about nine o'clock.

The inspector nodded blandly. He was a mild-mannered man with a thin, greying thatch on a round head. "The question now, monsieur," he said, "is what can I do for you?"

Ross stared at him. "Can't you send out an alarm? To the coast-guards or your navy patrols? Surely

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IN the case on page 26, the judge said that the solicitors had put Slick in a certain position to do the very sort of work he was doing when he handled Mrs. Hubbard's business. The public would reasonably believe he was acting on their behalf, and trust him accordingly. This made the solicitors, as employers, liable to pay damages for the result of Slick's dishonesty in the course of his duties. They had to recompense Mrs. Hubbard for her loss. (*This is the probable verdict, based on actual cases.*)

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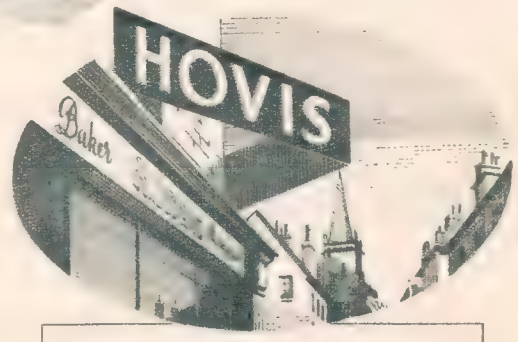

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something can be done. I want my vessel back. No one had the right to take her out without my permission."

Ross was angry again. He wasn't going to be treated like this by any Flavius or Margolies. It was robbery, piracy!

The inspector was very calm. "We must look at the situation from all sides, Monsieur Barnes. You say you were quite prepared to sail tonight on the instruction of your friends?"

"I was prepared to sail with myself in charge. I went to the café in the Suquet to discuss arrangements."

"And you left a deputy in command of your yacht?"

"My man Kane would not have accepted orders given over my head."

The inspector spread out his hands persuasively. "Perhaps Monsieur Flavius merely wished to test the vessel. A little tour round the Lérins. It is impossible to imagine that a great man like Monsieur Flavius could possibly engage in anything incorrect."

Ross let out a breath he had been holding. "I don't even know that Flavius is engaged in this thing at all. I don't know what to think. That letter I've given you. How do I know it really came from Margolies? It may be a forgery, a fake. The café business was obviously a trick to get me out of the way. I was watched and followed. The man with the bent neck talked about a horse on the telephone. That was another trick. The horse at Mandelieu meant that I was at the Café des Lauriers. The return telephone call was to tell the fellow that the yacht had sailed."

"And the young lady—the beautiful young lady—she suddenly decided to betray everything?" The inspector smiled.

Ross gestured angrily, bringing a fist down on his knee. "Now look here, Inspector! That boat has been stolen! I know it! There's a boy on that yacht, a young nephew of mine. I am responsible, you understand. If anything happens to him. . . ."

"I understand your anxiety, monsieur, but I think it is a little too early to give way to panic. Perhaps if we could satisfy you that your charterer is really on board the yacht you would feel easier? One moment, while I make an inquiry."

Ross was left alone in the small bleak office with nothing to do but stare at a faded bromide enlargement in a heavy frame. There were a lot of policemen, on an annual picnic. Or it may have been a man-hunt.

The inspector returned. "Yes," he said. "At least we have definite news of your friend Margolies. He arrived from Nice this evening and went to the Marinville where a suite is being reserved for the Flavius party." The inspector picked up his telephone. "We will see what happens."

He asked for the Marinville and when he was connected spoke briefly and listened. "*Qui?*" he said at last. "*Entendu.*" Then he put down the receiver.

"It is just as I thought," he announced. "Monsieur Margolies left the hotel at eight o'clock and has not yet returned. Probably," he said, as Ross stared at him, "he induced your engineer to run along the coast to pick up Monsieur Flavius at Juan-les-Pins. I am sure that everything will be explained in the morning."

"Do you mean that you are going to do nothing until the morning?"

"Our men on night duty at the port will be ordered to keep a specially sharp look-out. As soon as there is news, I will communicate with you. Where will you be staying?"

Ross had not had time to realize that he was stranded, with nothing more than he stood up in. "I'll probably get a room at the Parc," he said. "If not, I'll telephone you."

"Excellent! My name is Guizet. Inspector Guizet. I hope we shall find that your fears were groundless."

Grey light was filtering through the window of Ross's room at the Parc when he awoke. Someone was banging on the door. He heaved himself out of bed. Guizet was bundled up in a tight raincoat with a belt round the middle. He looked as grey and haggard as the dawn itself.

"You carried a white-painted dinghy on your yacht, monsieur?"

Ross blinked at him. "You have some news?"

"Of a kind. You had better put your clothes on and come with me."

"What do you mean, for God's sake?" Ross felt his stomach dropping away from him.

The inspector answered. "A dinghy has been found. There is someone in it—a man. We do not know him. We wish you to identify him, if you can."

"Do you mean he's dead?"

"Yes. It would seem that he has been murdered. I have a car waiting."

Ross thought their destination would be Juan-les-Pins, but the driver came to a stop a little to the east of Golfe-Juan.

The dinghy was drawn up on the beach, and small waves came in from a grey sea to lap against the stern. Two men in uniform guarded the find and three others waited, drawn a little apart. A borrowed tarpaulin had been thrown across the dinghy to hide its contents. One of the uniformed men pulled it away as Guizet and Ross plodded across the sand.

The body was tumbled clumsily across the thwarts with knees drawn up, with the head in the bows and the dead face turned to the sky. It looked as if the man had collapsed while rowing. One oar was still held by the port rowlock. The other was missing. Blood from a bullet wound in the head had drawn distorting lines down his face.

"Can you identify him, monsieur?"

Ross nodded, and answered automatically. "Kane. Edward John Kane."

With a small party of police, Ross drove to Juan-les-Pins, to the Hotel Alexandre. The finding of Kane's body had electrified the placid Inspector Guizet into feverish activity. In the sumptuous foyer of the hotel, he addressed the desk clerk.

"I am Inspector Guizet. I wish to speak to Monsieur Flavius at once."

"Monsieur. . . ."

"At once!"

The clerk manipulated the switchboard and rang. He waited a moment and rang again. He rang a third time.

"There is no reply," he said.

Guizet whirled into action as if someone had fired a starting pistol.

"Quickly!" He snapped his fingers to command service from a page-boy. "The number of the suite? The key! A house key!" He was on his way to the lift, dragging Ross along and pushing the page-boy before him. Up they shot and along a wide corridor they hurried, wading through the thick pile of the carpet.

The page-boy pointed to a door and Guizet hammered on it. There was no reply. He used the key, threw the door open wide and entered the living-room.

There was nobody there. In the bedroom and bathroom beyond were the contents of an over-night suitcase, but the bed had not been slept in. In the living-room there was nothing to show that Vincent J. Flavius had ever been there except a spent match and a half-smoked cigar in an ashtray.

A protesting valet in shirt-sleeves had already arrived in the living-room, and in a moment he was joined by a sleek young woman who looked vaguely incomplete without a shorthand-notebook. She contrived to appear both haughty and bewildered at the same time when Guizet introduced himself. A moment later the chauffeur also arrived.

"Is this the whole entourage?" Guizet wanted to know.

"Except for Mr. Margolies," the secretary answered. "He went on ahead of us to Cannes."

The chauffeur took a step forward. "What the hell is all this?" he said. "Where's the chief? What's happened?" His English was accented, but with American intonations.

His query was taken up by the others, and Guizet had to shout for silence. He began to interrogate them, concentrating first on the secretary.

She was Madeleine Blieke and she

"... that's true, that's true, but once you hit interstellar space, and ignite the auxiliary rockets, the problem of planetary orbits is one that ..."

came from Milwaukee, Wisconsin. She admitted twenty-seven years, the last six of which she had spent in the employment of Mr. Flavius.

"Delbert the chauffeur drove us over from Nice yesterday afternoon," she said. "We arrived about five."

Delbert confirmed it.

Mr. Flavius had had a busy day, and by the time he had got to the Alexandre, he had been tired. He had bathed and put on a dark blue suit, then dictated a cable to America and one or two unimportant letters. Later he had gone to the suite of Merle-Florac, a French industrialist, for cocktails. He had returned to his own suite and eaten a modest dinner there. He was on a diet, and liked to eat early.

The valet had spoken to him after dinner in that very room and had received instructions about pressing some clothes. At the time—about eight thirty, the valet estimated—Mr. Flavius was sitting in an armchair, smoking a cigar. "He told me he was expecting a call from Mr. Margolies," the valet said. "After that, he was going to bed."

"Perhaps the chief changed his mind and went on to Cannes last night?" Miss Blieke suggested.

"Without letting you know? Without calling for his car?" inquired the inspector.

"He has sometimes done that sort of thing, when he has wanted to avoid people. In any case, I had better phone through to the Marinville and speak to Mr. Margolies."

"No!" The inspector's monosyllable was very sharp. "I will do the speaking, and first I will speak with Monsieur Merle-Florac. Meanwhile you three will remain within the hotel." He motioned to Ross to accompany him to the suite of the industrialist.

JEAN-LOUIS MERLE-FLORAC was a small man, and the voluminous brocade dressing-gown he wore over his massive silk pyjamas seemed to emphasize the fact. His eyes peered from their puffy recesses, like two dry currants embedded in putty.

"What is this nonsense?" He stared at the top button of Guizet's waistcoat. "Flavius has an appointment with me for eleven o'clock this morning. We are to discuss important business matters!"

Guizet kept his gaze quite steady. "Monsieur Flavius has disappeared, a yacht has been stolen, a murder has been committed. . . ."

Merle-Florac dismissed it all with an impatient gesture. "I am a business man, Inspector. I am not interested in melodrama. If he has not. . . ." He broke off uncertainly. "What did you say?" he demanded. "A murder?"

For the fraction of a second Ross thought he saw fear in the man's eyes.

Briefly, Guizet told the story of the charter of Roselle and then of the discovery on the beach at Golfe-Juan. Monsieur Merle-Florac sat down rather suddenly, his face the colour of chalk. It seemed that he had a nervous heart. He sat for a moment or two in silence, his eyes closed. The recovery, when it came, was as sudden as the collapse. He opened his eyes.

"This is mere coincidence," he snapped. "I know too well the chi-chi Flavius likes to make. If he has disappeared it is in order to create an impression."

Guizet gazed at him. "Monsieur Flavius came to this place to meet you. I should like to know what passed between you. What was this important business you were to discuss?"

Merle-Florac frowned. Clearly, the question was in bad taste. "Surely you do not expect me to tell you that?" he said irritably.

"There have been rumours of some sort of merger," the inspector persisted.

MERLE-FLORAC looked intently out of the window. "Wherever Flavius goes," he said, "there are rumours of mergers. Nothing I could tell you would be of any help to the police."

"The police will certainly wish to form their own opinion about that, monsieur." The inspector's cheeks were slightly pink now.

"Yes?" Monsieur did not turn his head. "I will tell my friend, the Minister of Justice, what you say. No doubt he will consult with you on the point."

The inspector was silent for a moment. Ross saw the pink spread to his neck and ears. When next he spoke, however, his voice was quiet and level.

"Then you have no reason for believing that this disappearance is in any way abnormal?"

Merle-Florac turned impatiently. "No. If you think it is extraordinary, you should surely consult Margolies, not me."

"Monsieur Margolies left the Hotel Marinville between seven and eight last night, saying that he was dining out. He has not yet returned."

"Then he is probably with Flavius. And now if I can be of no further service to you. . . ."

They were dismissed. The inspector sighed faintly. "May I ask how long you intend to stay in Juan-les-Pins, monsieur?" he said.

"Just so long as it suits me."

"It may be necessary for me to see you again."

"You will know where to find me. I am not unknown in France."

"As you say, monsieur." Guizet brought his heels together with the faintest of clicks and inclined slightly

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towards the industrialist, and turned to go.

For Ross, every moment away from the sight of the sea was a moment wasted. Roselle was somewhere out there. His impatience had become intolerable, but the inspector kept him at his side. He was questioning all members of the staff who had been on duty from the time of the arrival of the Flavius party until midnight.

After hours of it, Ross protested.

"Couldn't these routine inquiries come later?" he said. "I feel we ought to go to the Café des Lauriers. I'm convinced that that fellow with the twisted neck knew something."

The inspector ignored him, and proceeded to question the concierge who had been on duty in the lobby hall that evening. Mademoiselle Blieke, they learned, had gone out alone about seven o'clock, but had returned for dinner at nine fifteen. The chauffeur, too, had left the hotel about seven. He had consulted the doorman about a place where he could eat well. The chauffeur had returned about midnight.

The concierge had seen nothing of the valet, Monsieur Schuper. And nothing of Monsieur Flavius; but a man had arrived with a message. That must have been soon after eight thirty.

"What sort of man?" Guizet inquired. "Describe him, please."

The concierge shook his head. "I was occupied at the time with other things. I cannot say."

ROGER, the diminutive page-boy, remembered carrying the message. The envelope was blue; the address scrawled in pencil. He had knocked at the door and Monsieur Flavius himself had called to him to enter. Monsieur had got up from a chair, put down a half-smoked cigar, read the message and pushed it into a pocket of his jacket.

"Was he worried when he read the message? Did he show any feeling?"

"He was pleased. He laughed. Then he told me I could go."

"You left the suite and you did not see him any more?"

"No, monsieur. I saw him a few minutes later, in the foyer. I held the door for him and he went out.

"How was he dressed?"

"In a dark blue suit. No hat. No coat. I think, therefore, he meant to return. At the end of the drive, he took the turning towards the sea. And that was truly the last I saw of him."

Guizet grunted and turned away. "There is one other thing," the boy added casually. "I remained on the terrace, and some time later Mademoiselle Blieke came hurrying from the direction of the sea. She looked a little strange."

Guizet turned quickly. "How is that? Strange?"

"Worried, perhaps. She was out of breath, as if she had been running."

"She was late for dinner, perhaps?"

"Late? How could she be late? The restaurant is open all the evening. Mademoiselle Fournaise came in quite fifteen minutes after Mademoiselle Blieke."

"Who is Mademoiselle Fournaise?"

"She is of the Merle-Florac party; assistant to the personal secretary."

Dismissing Roger, Inspector Guizet telephoned to Miss Blieke and asked her to come to the manager's office.

She came promptly, though somewhat irritably, and this time Ross took more notice of her. She had red hair, and a pallid complexion. The eyes were a washed-out blue. Behind their mask of irritation, they looked scared.

Guizet was mildly apologetic.

"One or two small inquiries, mademoiselle," he said. "I suppose you know that a note was delivered to Monsieur Flavius about eight thirty last night; that a few minutes later he walked from this hotel?"

She was rigid and silent, as if incapable of movement or speech. At last she shook her head.

"No, I didn't know that," she said.

"Where were you at the time?"

"In the restaurant."

"You saw nothing of this message, this note, mademoiselle? On blue paper?"

"I left Monsieur Flavius before he went to see Merle-Florac." The girl fingered her hair.

"But this morning?" The inspector was gentle in his insistence. "He might have thrown it down, in the waste-basket."

"No. There was nothing in the room."

"Then you searched? You looked in the waste-basket, for instance?"

But Roger, the page-boy, had stated clearly that Flavius had pushed the note into his pocket.

Ross was about to remind the inspector, but a swift gesture halted him. Miss Blieke's face was a shade or two paler.

"After you questioned us, monsieur," she said quickly. "Naturally I was anxious to see. . . ."

"You suspected that in some way your employer had been induced to leave the hotel?"

"There had to be some explanation."

"Exactly." The inspector was sympathetic. "At what hour did you come down to dinner, mademoiselle?"

If he intended a trap, Miss Blieke was wary. She said: "It was about eight thirty when I went into the restaurant, I think."

"You think . . ." he murmured. "And between seven and eight thirty?"

"I went for a walk."

"Yes?" He cleared his throat. "The concierge makes it nine fifteen when you returned. A page-boy who saw you hurrying from the direction of the sea testifies that it was considerably after eight thirty. They may be mistaken, since you say you went in to dine at eight thirty?"

MISS BLIEKE moistened her lips with her tongue. "The mistake, no doubt, is mine. I had no reason to pay much attention to the time."

"But you were hurrying, I believe? One hurries when time is a consideration."

"I knew it was getting on. I did not want to be late for dinner." She moistened her lips again. "I was hungry."

"Of course. The little promenade had given you an appetite. You were walking all the two hours?"

"No. I stopped to rest."

"Where did you go on this promenade?"

"To the shore and along by the sea."

"By which route to the shore?"

"I crossed the railway at the station. I don't see how it can interest you. I suppose I spent some time looking in shops."

"You went in to some of the shops."

"I bought some nougat and I stopped at a bar for a cassis."

"Which bar?"

"I did not notice the name."

There was a knock at the door and the manager entered. "There is a telegram for Monsieur Flavius. I thought. . . ."

Guizet nodded to Miss Blieke, who took the telegram, slit the seal, and flicked the sheet open expertly. She frowned as she read the contents, then handed the sheet to the inspector with a shrug.

Guizet frowned in his turn. "What does it mean?" he demanded. "Who is Aristotle? Who is Sophocles?"

"I don't know," Miss Blieke said. "Mr. Margolies and Mr. Flavius have code names for people."

"So I gather. Well?"

"There are sometimes highly confidential negotiations and I am informed only when they are completed."

"One of these names could refer to Merle-Florac?"

"It is possible."

GUIZET shrugged, and passed the telegram to Ross. "Here, Monsieur Barnes," he said, "is something from your friend Margolies. Possibly you will see in it an explanation of why he did not meet you at the Café des Lauriers last night."

The message had been handed in at Marseille that morning. It read:

OBLIGED TO MOTOR ON HERE LAST NIGHT CONSEQUENCE WORD FROM SOPHOCLES WAITING AT CANNES STOP HOPE IRON OUT HITCH THIS MORNING STOP SUGGEST YOU POSTPONE FINAL CLINCH ARISTOTLE PENDING RESULT OPERATION BOUILLABAISSE STOP HOPE REACH CANNES BY NINE TONIGHT LATEST — MARGOLIES.

The inspector and Ross drove back to Cannes. Ross was both puzzled by the telegram and deeply suspicious of it. It didn't sound like Margolies. The telegram must be a trick intended to start a false scent in Marseille.

Guizet listened absently as Ross put the point. He seemed to be thinking of other things. "I am not at all sure about that young woman with the red hair," he remarked after a while. "I don't think she was telling the truth about that little promenade."

"What we have to do is find the woman with the dark hair," Ross said. "A complete stranger, yet she called me by name!"

"She bought nougat and had a cassis."

"I am talking about the woman in the Café des Lauriers."

"I will find out where she bought the nougat. I will examine the waiter who brought her the cassis. I will trace every step of her little promenade."

"Do you intend to examine the *patron* of the Lauriers?" Ross demanded.

"Eh?" The inspector turned to gaze at him. "Oh yes. We are on the way there, my friend. Oh, yes."

The ponderous, black-bearded proprietor nodded gloomily when the inspector identified himself. Clearly, he had had dealings with the police before.

"You are Pierre Masson?" the inspector inquired mildly.

"I am Pierre Masson. So what would

Continued on page 35

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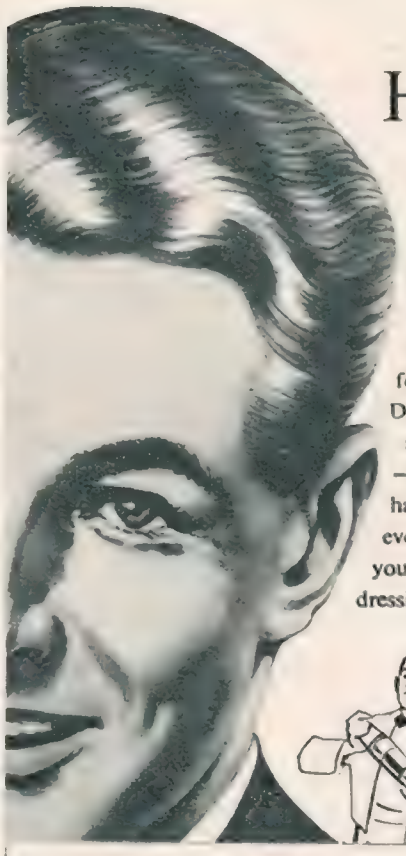

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you? I told your spy last night that there are no Communists here. None!"

"That is interesting, but not pertinent," the inspector observed gravely. "For all I care you can have Marx and Engels upstairs and Molotov under the zinc. I desire to know about two customers who were here last night."

"Possibly your spy knows more than I do, since he interfered with them and made a rough-house. I never saw them before."

Ross interposed. "The man knew you. He called you Zizi."

"Everybody calls me Zizi. Can I help it?"

The inspector barked: "Enough! Just listen to me, my friend, and answer my questions truthfully. This is a serious business."

Zizi listened, but the questions produced nothing. He admitted that the man with the twisted neck might have been in the café on a previous occasion, but it was true, nevertheless, that he had never seen him before in the sense that he had not noticed him. What was absolutely certain was that he had never seen the girl before.

Ross was depressed as they returned to the police station; and as he walked away from the commissariat, a fresh anxiety came to reinforce the sick despair which had taken possession of him.

Except for the clothes he wore and the small stock of francs and traveller's cheques he had brought ashore with him, everything he possessed was in Roselle. He counted his money. Five thousand, four hundred and eighty-seven francs and ten pounds in cheques. In a few days he might well be stranded. Unless, of course, he could count on the balance of the charter money. That, according to the agreement, should be waiting for him at Lloyds Bank. So far, all the monetary obligations had been fulfilled. Was it possible that . . . ?

He began to hurry.

Yet, almost as soon as he had realized the possibility, Ross knew that he was doomed to disappointment. The bank soon confirmed his fear. They had had no instructions from either Margolies or Flavius.

The manager suggested that there had probably been some hitch or accidental omission. Doubtless the matter would be rectified as soon as Mr. Flavius arrived in Cannes that day.

Ross did not tell him that Mr. Flavius would not be arriving at Cannes that day. Everybody in the place would soon know all about it. And everybody in London, too. The disappearance of such an important international figure would be cabled round the world as soon as the first reporter heard about it. Eleanor and Tom Peters would read the news in the early editions of the evening papers.

He shivered under the hot sun. They would read of the theft of Roselle, of the shooting of Tiny Kane. They would be in a panic about Ralph.

The least he could do was to send them a cable. He went to the post office and, after some thought, wrote:

DISREGARD SENSATIONAL REPORTS STOP CONFIDENT RALPH IS SAFE STOP EXPECT HIS SAFE RETURN HOURLY STOP WILL WIRE NEWS INSTANTLY.

It was not very truthful and anything but reassuring, but it would have to do.

He had a drink at a café, and, after an hour or two, phoned Guizet at the police station. No news. He began walking aimlessly through the crowds in the rue Grande. His legs were tired, his whole body fatigued.

And then, suddenly, the fatigue left him. The girl—the girl of the café! He was positive it was she. She came from a side street, turned in his direction, faltered, wheeled swiftly and crossed the road in front of a car that had to swerve to avoid her.

She had recognized him. There was no doubt about it. Just as certainly, she was anxious to avoid a further meeting. With something between a cry and a gulp, he followed her.

To be continued next week

"Well *now* I'm asking you to *stop* repairing it and buy me a new one!"

REACH FOR THE SKY

Continued from page 19

R.A.F. type took to playing a guitar in a washhouse with the guitar-case on his head. He knocked at Bader's door one day, walked in carrying a bucket of water, came to attention before Bader, saluted, and said politely: "Excuse me, sir, but I don't like the things you've been telling the King about me lately."

Then he threw the bucket of water in Bader's face, saluted and walked out again. He was repatriated eventually, along with several others who were sick and maimed.

As Bader's legs had been giving trouble, the Senior British Officer suggested that he be repatriated, too. Douglas emphatically refused, declaring that his legs had not been lost in battle and therefore he was no different as a result of captivity. The S.B.O., however, put his name on the list when the repatriation commission arrived, but when the Germans called prisoners to appear before the commission they left out the names of Bader and two very sick men.

It was typical of the spirit of Colditz that all the sick and maimed who were called refused to see the commission until the three dropped names were restored. Eggers called guards and tried to force them to appear, but the sick men stood fast and an ugly scene developed until the Germans gave way. It was pure principle. Bader himself had no intention of being repatriated, but the other two needed it.

Doctors Were Puzzled

When he was called and asked how he felt, he answered: "Absolutely fit, thank you very much."

"But," said the chairman, "your wounds are giving you trouble?"

"Not a bit. They're fine."

"Are you sure you're all right?" The puzzled doctors had known plenty of prisoners who exaggerated their ills, but never one who did the reverse. One of them seemed to think that Bader should be repatriated on mental grounds, but he finally convinced them he wanted to stay and stick it out with the others. The other two, however, were passed for repatriation.

In autumn the Allied armies bogged down on the frontiers of Germany and, as the last leaves fell, the prisoners guessed miserably that they were in for another winter. Then the food parcels stopped coming and hunger came back.

On the twice-weekly walks, Bader and Peter Dollar began trading cigarettes with farmers for wheat, barley and eggs (which Dollar put under his peaked cap) to bring back to the communal food stores. It was strictly forbidden by the Germans, but usually the guards could be bribed.

Little though it was, the food was such a help that Dollar eventually hung a pillow-case round his neck under his greatcoat, stuffed it with grain and came back looking suspiciously swollen. Everyone else was getting thinner and thinner, but the Germans at the gate never thought of searching the rotund Dollar.

Bader badly wanted to try to carry a pillow-case like Dollar but, impervious as ever to cold, he had never worn a greatcoat and the food committee thought it would look suspicious if he suddenly started. It only needed a search to spoil the scheme.

The Food Smugglers

Then an ingenious major, Andy Anderson, made him long, thin bags to hang down inside his trousers and he went out armed with those, banking on the fact that the Germans would always expect him to look odd below the waist, anyhow. Twice a week they went out looking gaunt and came back swollen like Michelin tyre advertisements, but the forty pounds of grain they brought back were badly needed. That winter some prisoners lost up to three stone in weight and some had to rest half-way up the stairs.

It was the worst winter of all. For Bader it held some of the joy of accomplishment in bringing back food for his friends, but it took a lot out of him. His stumps were getting emaciated and it was hellish struggling back with the heavy bags across the snow and up the slushy, slippery cobbles. As a matter of pride he hid it from the others, but Dick Howe a couple of times caught him off guard, walking into his room and seeing him lying exhausted on his bunk.

One of the R.A.F. prisoners, Lorne Welch, a gliding expert, conceived the fantastic idea of building a glider and escaping in it by flying from the high castle walls. Two other cronies, Morison and Best, were helping him to build it and Bader was roped in as consultant. They were making a rough wooden frame from bedboards and planned to cover the wings with sheets, sticking the contraption together with glue made from potatoes. As the pieces were made they dispersed them, reckoning that if the Germans found them they would never dream what they were.

To launch the glider they planned to cut holes through all the floors, one under another, and from the roof drop an enormous stone on a rope through these holes to jerk the glider, perched on the battlements, into space. It was to be a two-seater and Bader hoped that he might have a chance of one of the seats. The fact that it would have to be night-flying as well—for secrecy—gave the scheme an added flavour. They hoped it would glide over four hundred yards, though, in fact, it would hardly be likely to travel more than a hundred feet—and that straight down at accumulating speed.

Luckily they were unable to finish it.

Spring came at last and with it the Allies pouring across the Rhine. The secret radio followed their progress on the news, and within the old castle grew a tremulous tension of impatience. On April 13, they heard that an American spearhead was only a few miles down the road, and that night they went to bed with febrile excitement, knowing that it was nearly over, and yet unable to grasp it.

Bader was woken early by a roaring noise. He strapped on his legs and, through the window saw Thunderbolts shooting up a nearby target. They went after a while, but soon he heard the sound of engines again and thought it was the Thunderbolts returning until someone yelled: "Tanks!" Men rushed to the windows of the outer wall and two miles across the river, by a wood, saw gun-flashes and the crawling black beetles of armour. They were here!

In Field Of Fire

The S.B.O., Willie Todd, appeared in the doorway and called soberly: "Listen, everybody. The Kommandant has just ordered that we are to evacuate the castle by ten o'clock. He says we're to be marched back behind the German lines."

There was a stunned and icy silence. Bader exploded: "We aren't going to move now."

"Don't worry," Todd said. "I'm going to tell him that, but I want you to be ready for anything if the Germans try to winkle us out with guns."

They waited tensely while Todd argued with the Kommandant. Apparently an S.S. division was going to make a stand behind a nearby ridge; the castle would be in the battleground, and the division commander thought that it and the men inside might impede his defence. Todd threatened that an evacuation would not endear the Kommandant to the Allies, and the Kommandant retired to think about this. The prisoners were planning to barricade themselves in when the Kommandant sent in a message to say that they could stay at their own risk, provided that no one hung signals out of the windows.

That afternoon, shells started screaming over the castle. Bader was watching through the bars with Dollar and Howe when a blinding light flashed in his face with an ear-splitting explosion, and he found himself dizzily on his back in the middle of the floor with plaster falling on him and his ears singing like a kettle. In the top corner of the window the stone had crumbled where the shell had exploded.

No one seemed to know what was happening and at dusk the situation was still confused, though the dogged German guards still stood at their posts. Looking at them with admiration, Bader said to Dollar: "You know, even if we tried to escape at this stage, they'd still let fly at us."

That night nearly everyone, paradoxically, was querulous. Some had been in captivity more than five years and the last few hours were unnerving. Bader himself had been down now three and a half years. At last, towards dawn, the shelling died down and it was quieter and a few slept.

Shouts Of Freedom

Bader came drowsily up from sleep to hear tramping feet and shouting in the courtyard. In an instant he was fully awake and strapped on his legs while others, less impeded, ran down ahead. He heard shouts coming up and impatiently, with a fast and eager dot-and-carry motion, clumped down the steps after them.

In the courtyard, through milling, cheering prisoners, he was staggered to see American soldiers, and nearby a line of stolid German guards stepping up one by one to hand over their rifles. He stumped across and joined the laughing, noisy mob welcoming the Americans. The noise went on for a few minutes and then it died down.

It was all over. They were free. How confusing and nerveless it was! No one quite seemed to know what to

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do, or feel. The tension had snapped in a moment of joy that had flared like a roman candle, then left them groping in the afterglow.

Three American newspaper correspondents appeared and started firing questions at Bader. He was amazed to see that one of them was a girl—a real, live girl, with red hair, in battledress. After a while they said they were going back to First Army headquarters at Naumburg in a jeep. Would he like to come?

He stuffed a few oddments and his books into a kitbag and then he was in the jeep, driving out across the moat, down the cobbled hill and through the village where white sheets of surrender hung from nearly every window.

They drove fast and he did not feel like talking, but sat and watched the countryside, trying to let it soak in that he was free. But the cherished word had no meaning yet. He was drifting out of Limbo, the mists still round his head, and floating back over the Styx, cut off from the past and rootless in the present, unable to see the home shore, and oddly isolated from the Americans who were riding buoyantly across the everyday currents they knew.

Passing an airfield he recognized Me. 109s, all with broken bellies sagging on the ground. They looked different from the old ones—like tombstones. "Krauts put grenades in 'em," one of the Americans said laconically. They passed an American armoured division moving up, an endless thundering snake of steel that amazed him. In the villages, the children waved at the tanks and at him in the jeep. It was unreal.

Around dusk they came to Naumburg, and officers in the headquarters greeted him warmly, but they were busy coming and going, doing things, and for all the warmth he felt an odd man out again. Then a British liaison officer greeted him and he found a little footing. They dined on army rations and he filled himself gloriously and guiltily.

Wanted Last Fling

Feeling better, he asked the major: "Any Spitfires round here?"

No, the major said, they were all up north with the British forces.

"Can I get to them?" Bader asked. "I'd like to grab one and get another couple of trips in before this show folds up."

"Good Lord, man," said the major, shocked. "Haven't you had enough?" He made it clear that it was futile.

Two officers took him through the blacked-out streets to sleep in a private house, whose German family had retired quietly behind a door at the back. Browsing through the living-room, looking at the bric-à-brac of domestic civilization, he stopped to look at a silver snuffbox. "Hell, Doug," one of the others said, "take it. You don't have to be sorry for these people."

He left it there. The trouble was he *did* feel sorry for them. Now there was nothing to fight, some of the hate seemed to have withered, but he felt it unwise to try to explain it to the others because they were still living in the war and would not understand. Later, he crawled into a feather bed and lay wide awake all night, just thinking, feeling for a grip.

By dawn he had it. Colditz was a year away and he was in the present, still a trifle insecurely, but looking forward to the future with the old, practical sense that seldom looked back over his shoulder.

They drove him to an airfield, where he thumbed a lift with a cheerful young American pilot who was flying a Beechcraft bound for Paris. They landed on an airstrip in the Versailles woods, and he found haven in a house where a dozen warm-hearted American officers offered him champagne to drink to his liberty, but, unaccountably, liberty did not seem to call for champagne, and he drank Coca-Cola instead.

He was sitting, talking, when the commanding general tapped his shoulder and said: "Come on, Doug. I've got your wife on the phone."

So Much To Say

It caught him off balance. He got to the phone and recognized Thelma's voice saying: "Douglas! Douglas!" Then there was so much to say that they could not say it for a while. A little later Thelma said: "When am I going to see you?"

"A few days, darling. I'm looking for a Spitfire. I want to have a last fling before it packs up."

"Oh, God," Thelma almost wailed. "Haven't you had enough yet?"

He talked a long time trying to make her understand, which was difficult because he did not quite know himself. He just wanted to be in the fight again where he knew reassuringly that he belonged.

That night he slept and in the morning they drove him to Paris. At R.A.F. Headquarters he started telling them about Lucille de Backer and the Hièçques, the French people who helped him during his unsuccessful escape from St. Omer, but they knew more than he did. The Germans had sentenced all three to death, an intelligence officer said, but there was a report that the sentence had been commuted to prison in Germany. They were trying to trace them and would let him know.

He went out hoping very, very hard that they would all be found safe—their fate was the only cloud on his liberty. (Weeks later, he learnt that his three friends had been found alive in Germany and had returned to St. Omer. He flew there for a joyful reunion.)

At the headquarters he also asked about old friends on the squadrons and heard that a dismaying number was dead. But Tubby Mermagen was in France, and they got him on the phone. He was at Reims, an air commodore, and almost the first thing Bader said was: "Can you get me a Spitfire? I want to have another crack?"

From the other end came a chuckle. "We thought you'd say that. I have strict orders from the C.-in-C. that you are not to have his Spitfire or mine or anyone else's, but I'm to stuff you straight into an aircraft for London." That afternoon Mermagen flew to Paris and did so.

At Northolt Aerodrome, just outside London, the R.A.F. gave him sanctuary while the Great Machine sucked him in again, looking down his throat, planting stethoscopes on him, giving him clothes, forms to fill in, questions to answer and fending off the clamouring reporters.

On the third morning, with leave for

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

RAYMOND

THE fabulous Mayfair hairdresser who says: "I cannot have women dictating to me. I know what's best for them."

by DON EVERITT

"The brute tried to throw me"

two months, he drove down to Ascot and Thelma, free at last and for the first time tasting it fully. He pulled into the drive, walked up the flagged path and, as Thelma ran out of the front door, two reporters stepped from behind a bush saying, cheerfully: "Got you at last." And the moment was spoiled.

Next morning he and Thelma fled to a private hotel in a little Devon village, and suddenly he could not face people, think coherently, make any plans or even read the letters that came pouring in.

The extrovert surface had cracked off and he was a raw-skinned creature wanting only to retire into an artificial shell of privacy with Thelma, while he grew a new skin to live in a new world. His fame had not died but become a legend, and people were clamouring to see him, which made it worse. Some old friends called one day and he climbed out of a window to avoid them.

Another time, at Ascot, he was trapped in the street by a strange woman who gushed over him with goodwill and bad taste. He stuck it out till she twittered: "Now tell me . . . in all the wonderful things you do without legs, what do you find the most difficult?"

Bluntly he answered: "Drying my bottom after a bath when I have to sit on a stool at the same time," and walked on, leaving her standing.

One night he *did* enjoy meeting people. Sailor Malan, Bob Tuck, Crowley-Milling, Johnny Johnson and a dozen or so other pilots of the old 1940 team gave him a welcome-home dinner at the Belfry Club in Belgravia, and that night he felt at ease.

For The Record...

He got his old flying logbook back and entered up his last flight of nearly four years before, with the laconic comment: "Good flight near Béthune. Shot down one 109 and collided with another. P.O.W. Two 109s destroyed." And underneath: "Total enemy aircraft destroyed—30."

That was his own private total which he never mentioned. All successful pilots had such totals, which included those they were sure had been destroyed, but which had been impossible to confirm under the stringent official rules. As it was, under those rules he had 22½ confirmed.

One day he drove to see Rupert Leigh at the Empire Flying School at Hullavington, and Leigh gave him fifteen minutes dual in a Miles Master. Then he climbed into a Spitfire and twirled her round the air for half an hour, knowing with elation in the first minute that the touch was still the same. He landed with some of the old glow back in his eyes and a new confidence, and from that moment began to feel back in the swim again.

Within two days he also began scheming for a posting to the Far East to fly fighters against the Japanese. He put out feelers, but the people at Air Ministry, though kind, were not in the least co-operative. He had done quite enough, and in any case, the doctors said, his stumps would give trouble in the tropics. Grudgingly, he shelved the idea.

Then in the R.A.F. Club he met Air Commodore Dick Atcherley, the former Schneider Trophy pilot, who said: "Douglas, I want a man to run the Fighter Leader School at Tangmere. It's a group captain's job. Would you like it?"

He answered with feeling: "Yes, please."

Eager for the comfort of harness again, he cancelled the rest of his leave and early in June drove nostalgically to the well-remembered Tangmere. He should have known better. The place looked the same, but that was all that remained of the old days. The tactics were new, the faces were new; above all, the atmosphere was new. It seemed to have turned upside down.

Battle-weary Men

Now there was none of the urgency or the inspiration of war, only a team of battle-weary men who wanted to shed the medal ribbons and be civilians again. He tried to revive some of the spirit, but there was no spark left in the embers, and it brought only unhappiness, so that when he was offered command of the North Weald Fighter Sector he took it.

It brought him control over twelve fighter squadrons spread over six aerodromes, but there was little joy in that either because there was no dynamic purpose any more. The great war machine of the R.A.F. was breaking up, as the bolts holding it together were withdrawn and great chunks chopped off and channelled back to civil life. He tried to preserve a hard core, but the best men would not stay because the R.A.F.'s future did not look encouraging. It was dispiriting, though at least without the hurt of memories at Tangmere.

Then, in Japan, the atom bomb fell and the whole shooting match was over.

For the world, Bader rejoiced as much as anyone; for himself, a little less. A tinge of regret itched for a few days, but common sense soon dismissed the past, as it had dismissed his legs.

Now it was the future that occupied him, like so many others, but he knew his own problem was different from theirs; it could be materially easier if he chose to stay with the R.A.F., but mentally and physically harder whatever he did. He had enjoyed the glory, but you couldn't live on that. Anyway, there was no hurry. Get some of the mess cleared away first and then one could see.

On September 1 he found a letter from Group in his "In" tray. It said there was to be a victory fly-past over London on September 15 to celebrate peace and the fifth anniversary of the greatest day in the Battle of Britain. Three hundred aircraft were to take part, with twelve survivors of the

Turn to Macleans for real close-up confidence

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OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*

battle in the van. Bader was to organize the fly-past and lead it.

"Stuffy" Dowding arrived at North Weald early on the fifteenth and stood talking to the chosen twelve, looking much the same as he did five years earlier. The others looked a little different. Crowley-Milling, who had been a pilot officer in the battle, wore wing commander braid and a D.S.O. and D.F.C. on his chest. So did Stan Turner and nearly all the others. The atmosphere was different, too; they spoke more soberly and hardly mentioned the battle. Bader wound a blue polka-dot scarf round his neck, called "Let's go," and climbed into the cockpit of his Spitfire.

Cloud was drooping over London, and down in the grey streets the people gathered in stillness, some in tears, watching the cavalcade of three hundred sweep thunderously over the rooftops. Bader hardly saw them—he was too busy picking his course through the haze. Once, over the city, he remembered the battle and for a moment, nostalgically, wanted to fight again. . . .

Beyond The Peak

Now the problem of what to do with life began to concern him urgently. The old dream had come true; the R.A.F. wanted him back permanently, and offered to give him the seniority he would have had if he had never crashed in 1931.

It was more than he had ever dreamed possible—and yet . . . the legs would still not let him serve overseas in the heat, which would limit his experience and therefore his value and promotion. And this strange, post-war air force with its sinews cut was different from the dream, holding neither the proud purpose of war nor the old club warmth of 1931. He had achieved the peak and justified himself and the valley on the other side looked barren. Only the distant fields behind were green and he would never see them again except in memory.

The Shell Company wrote pleasantly to him and he dined with his old boss, who was affable and said: "We've got just the job for you if you'd like to come back." Douglas could have his own aeroplane and fly all round the world on aviation business.

His own aeroplane! Virtually. And what a grand job! A week or two at a time in the tropics would not upset the legs much. It would give him the chance of world travel that otherwise would be lost for ever.

He took four months to think about it, and at the end of February decided. Writing out his resignation from the R.A.F., he felt how odd it was that he should choose to turn his back on the old heaven to return to the old hell. Though this time a somewhat transformed hell!

A Farewell Message

The most heart-warming messages came to him—summed up in a sentence from the Chief of Fighter Command, Sir James Robb: "All I can say is that you are leaving behind an example which as the years roll by will become a legend."

In March, when the time came to leave, he did not feel so badly about it. The job was done and now he knew he would feel a part of the R.A.F. for the rest of his life.

There was no need to start work yet; he was still on leave from the R.A.F. for three months. Most of that time he spent working on his golf, and within three months he had reduced his handicap from nine to four. One day he played against Robert Desoutter, the artificial-limb maker, who had once told him he would never walk without a stick. He beat Desoutter seven and six.

During these months, too, he became increasingly involved in encouraging amputees and cripples. His very existence as much as his bearing and example was a tonic to them.

On the first Monday in July he reported for work. This time he had an office of his own, and the manager tossed him a letter. "This'll interest you, old boy. We've ordered a Percival Proctor for you. It's to be ready in a couple of weeks."

A few days later he collected the Proctor, a neat little single-engined cabin monoplane. She was a four-seater, silver with a blue flash down the side, and cruised at 130 m.p.h. He was like a small boy with a new toy.

In August he started his first trip, accompanied by Lieutenant-General Jimmy Doolittle, a Shell Company vice-president in U.S.A. and one of America's most famous pilots.

First stop was Oslo, where they had an audience with King Haakon. Then on to Stockholm, to Copenhagen, The Hague, Paris, Rome, Casablanca, with receptions in every city.

He flew back to London and soon was off again in the Proctor for West Africa, where he could test his legs in the tropics for the first time. Most of the trip he flew over jungle that stretched as far as the eye could see and looked like parsley from seven thousand feet, but was quite as dangerous as flying over oceans in a single-engined aircraft. Had the engine failed Bader would have had no chance.

Once, in fact, the engine did stop and he was gliding down in a highly disconcerting silence when, at about a thousand feet as he was tightening his belt and getting ready to hang on to the crash-pad, the engine suddenly coughed and started again.

Been To Timbuktu

Sweat from steamy West African heat soon made the stumps uncomfortable, but he found that talcum powder kept the heat rashes under control for three weeks until he was on the way back.

Since that trip he has flown forty-seven different aircraft and visited some fifty or more countries. If you told him to go to Timbuktu, he could answer truthfully, "I've been there."

In 1947, on Doolittle's invitation, he went on Shell business to the U.S.A., which had 17,000 amputation cases from the war, and visited several veterans' hospitals to help men to learn to walk again. In Chicago, he read of a small boy of ten who had spilled burning petrol over himself and had both legs cut off below the knee. Douglas, who would do almost anything for children, spent an hour and a half by his bed, showing him that legs did not matter so much.

Later the boy's father said worriedly: "The boy just doesn't realize how serious it is yet."

Bader said passionately: "That's the one thing he must *never* realize. You've got to make him feel this is another game he's got to learn, not something that will cripple him. Once you frighten him with it he's beaten."

That in a nutshell was the Bader philosophy, concerning not only legs but life itself.

Probably no one has done as much for the limbless as Bader, who by his example has inspired them in a way no doctor can emulate. It seldom occurs to me when with Bader that he has no legs, a common experience with those who know him. He puts on his legs as casually as I put on my shoes, and this casual acceptance is deceptive. The legs are never entirely comfortable and often are hurting him though he will not confess it.

While playing golf with me once in Cornwall, he gave no sign of pain but suggested at lunch that the afternoon round might be deferred. I said flippantly: "You're getting soft," but when he took his right leg off, the thigh was raw and purple all round the top because the metal socket had been dented slightly. It must have hurt wickedly struggling round the course.

Next morning a spare leg arrived in a cricket bag on the train and, with the raw patch taped over, he was playing again. His secret is simple and sounds trite: it is merely that he will not yield.

Man Of Extremes

He is still a mixture of modesty and ego. In a swashbuckling way he is given to bragging about his golf scores as blatantly as a fisherman describing the one that got away. People who do not know him well have resented that, but they have never heard him brag about important things.

It was not from Bader I learned that he would have played rugby for England, and the research for this book was nearly completed before I discovered by seeing one of his old uniform tunics that as well as two D.S.O.s and two D.F.C.s he also holds the Légion d'Honneur and the Croix de Guerre.

People are too easily deceived by his swashbuckling. Underneath is a generosity easily touched by other people's adversity. He is still as much a man of extremes as ever, blowing hot or cold in enthusiasms, an intensely loyal friend, an uncompromising foe.

I once heard someone suggest that Thelma must have a difficult time with such a man. She doesn't. I have seldom seen a more devoted couple, and Thelma is no doormat. When she decides that enough is enough she waits with unerring timing for the right moment, and then when she sticks her toes in Douglas cannot budge her.

Neither is she afraid of crashing when they fly in the same aircraft, because then they would go together. He will not let her fly without him because, though he does not fear death himself, he cannot bear the thought of those close to him dying. The one thing he fears is loneliness. He has beaten everything else, but that he will never conquer.

I agree with all those who class him as the best fighter leader and tactician of the second World War (and one of the best pilots). But his main triumph is not his air fighting: that was only an episode that focused a world's attention on the greater victory he was achieving in showing humanity new horizons of courage, not in war, not only for the limbless, but in life.

The Unsung War

Bader's war goes on unsung and unceasing, to be won anew each day. He has been honoured for courage and skill in the air against the enemy, but no one yet has thought of honouring him formally for his continuing fight which profits Man more than his battle deeds. He himself has not considered that as he should; his nature would welcome a more urgent and spectacular battle than the repetitive daily one.

How, then, to end this story of a man whose life is not ended? With its meaning? That I leave to Shakespeare: "There's nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so." THE END

"Reach For The Sky" is published as a book by Collins at 16s.

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Sir Winston	Behind The Clock
On Memory's Screen	No Bed Of Roses
The Will To Win	Richly Deserved
An Earthly Paradise	Blue Sky, Sparkling Sea
Clash Of Arms	Something Appalling
True Freedom	Pin-up Girl
Higher And Higher	Ran A Mile
Summer's Glory	Gasping For Breath
Trusting To Luck	Underdog Dad
Envious	Digging His Heels In

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

Peace Of The.....	Drove The .....Away
"..... For Ever!"	Mad About .....
Has Got To Be.....	Added A Little.....And

EXAMPLE ..... |6d.

BULLET .....

EX. ..... |6d.

B. .....

EX. ..... |6d.

B. .....

EX. ..... |6d.

B. .....

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in *"Bullets" Bulletin* dated July 3 and in JOHN BULL dated July 10), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.
(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, June 26, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,940 result.)

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